

# HIT PARADER

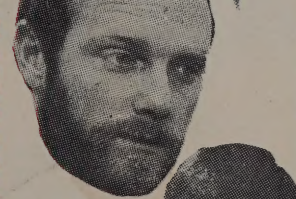
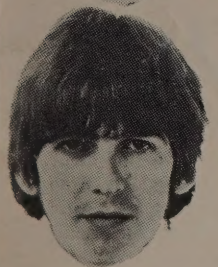
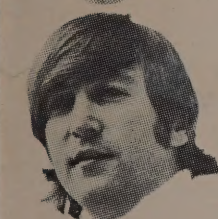
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I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT  
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TAKE YOUR LOVE  
I BELIEVE I'M GONNA  
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I WROTE  
**5-D**"

By JIM MCGUINN





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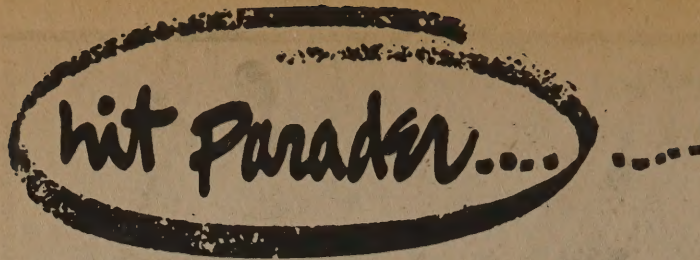
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## •ASHES TO ASHES

(As recorded by The Mindbenders/  
Fontana)

**TONI WINE**

**CAROLE BAYER**

How can you look me straight in the  
eye

And say I should try to forget you  
Didn't my love mean anything to you?  
Did all my kisses go thru you?

Ashes to ashes

Our love is a dream

That burning memories in smoke are  
starting to rise

I can't keep the tears in my eyes

How can you tell me it's over and  
done

Wasn't it fun while it lasted

How can you tell me you want to be  
free and no longer need me  
beside you.

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## •BILLY AND SUE

(As recorded by B.J. Thomas/Scepter)

**MARK CHARRON**

This is the story 'bout Billy and Sue  
They were as in love as were any two  
And yet Billy had to die  
And when you hear the reason why  
You'll hang your head and cry.

Sue's letters came every day

Strengthened his cause

They showed him the way

To fight for his country and the girl  
he loved

That's a soldier's only pay.

Billy and Sue met the first day at school  
And ever since lived by the golden rule  
Because when you do unto others  
What you wouldn't want done to you  
You have to be a fool.

This mutual agreement of love and  
trust

Made them travel the road of marriage  
or bust

And when Billy was old enough to take  
a wife

He was old enough to fight for his  
country and it's ways of life.

Repeat Chorus.

But then Billy heard no more from Sue  
He was worried and sick but what could  
he do

The bullets were screaming as he hugged  
the ground

And back home Sue was running 'round.

Billy was getting less and less strong  
His hopeless faith was almost gone

And then like a miracle the letter

appeared

Billy tore the letter open and he read,  
Dear John.

A look came over Billy that would scare  
a ghost

A familiar look seen on soldiers coast  
to coast

And even tho' the air was filled with  
lead

Billy jumped up, they shot him dead.

Billy was buried in a far away grave  
It read "For his country his life he  
gave"

But that epitaph was only in part

He didn't die from a bullet, but he  
died from a broken heart.

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DONOVAN



## •SUNSHINE SUPERMAN

(As recorded by Donovan/Epic)  
DONOVAN

The sunshine came softly thru my a'window  
today  
Could've tripped out but I've a'changed  
my ways  
It'll take time, I know it  
But in a while you're gonna be mine,  
I know it  
We'll do in style 'cause I made my mind  
up

You're going to be mine I'll tell you right  
now

Any trick in the book and now, baby,  
all that I can find

Ev'rybody's hustlin' just to have a little  
scene

When I say we'll be cool I think that  
you know what I mean

We stood on the beach at sunset, do you  
remember when?

I know a beach where, baby, a'it never  
ends

When you've made you're mind up  
fo'ever to be mine

I'll pick up your hand and slowly blow  
your little mind

'Cause I made my mind up, you're going  
to be mine

I'll tell you right now any trick in the  
book

And, baby, all that I can find.

Superman or green lantern ain't got a  
'nothin' on me

I can make like a turtle and dart for  
pearls in the sea

I give you, you can just sit there a

'thinkin' on you're velvet throne

That all the rainbows a'you can a'have  
for you're own

When you've made your mind up fo'ever  
to be mine

I'll pick up your hand and slowly blow  
your little mind

When you've made your mind up fo'ever  
to be mine.

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## •SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER

(As recorded by The Happenings/  
B.T. Puppy)

**SID WAYNE**

**SHERMAN EDWARDS**

I'll be alone each and ev'ry night

While you're away, don't forget  
to write

See you in September, see you when  
the summer's thru

Here we are saying "Goodbye" at  
the station

Summer vacation is taking you away  
Have a good time but remember

There is danger in the summer moon  
above

Will I see you in September?

Or lose you to a summer love.

Counting the days till I'll be with you

Counting the hours and the minutes too.

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## •SEARCHING FOR MY LOVE

(As recorded by Bobby Moore/Checker)  
**ROBERT MOORE**

Searching, searching for my baby

I'm searching, searching for my love

I'm searching for the one I adore

If I find her, you know I will

I'll never, never let her go

No, no, no, no, no, no

I'll never, never let her go now, baby

I love you, I need you, I need you by  
my side

For my love, for my true love

I'll never, never hide now, baby

No, no, no, no, no, no

I'll never, never, never, hide now.

I wonder why you had to leave me this  
way

I'm sorry darling, that I made you cry  
Forgive love for the things I've done  
to you

Comma on, give me one more try

I'm searching baby

I'm searching, searching, for my love.

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This is a press release we received the other day. Is this guy serious?

"NEW YORK - Len Barry, whose own clean-cut, good-looking, well-dressed "image" hasn't dampened sales on his "1-2-3", "Like A Baby" and "Somewhere" hits, told the William Morris office today that he no longer wants to work any extended tours or nitery engagements with the "long-haired, dirty-looking, sloppily-dressed groups."

"I've had it with them," Barry said in one of the most outspoken comments from a young performer since the craze first hit these shores. "It isn't only that they look like a collection of tramps, they act that way and it's the way they really are. They're completely indifferent to the kids who have made them and their personal habits are disgusting. I have too much respect for my audience, whether it's adult or teen, for show business and for myself to ever work with them again."

"They're appealing to the lowest possible common denominator in their appearance, performance and in some cases in their material as well. I know dozens of artists who feel just the way I do and I hope that my speaking up will encourage them to do the same. It'll make this a better business for all of us."

Barry, whose "It's That Time Of The Year" has just been released by Decca Records, pointed to the Beatles as an example. "I enjoy their records but I think that they're probably one of the worst in-person acts I've ever seen. They make a joke out of the kids who love them. They ridicule the very people who took them out of the gutter and made them stars. The Rolling Stones don't perform, they just stand there and fake. Dylan is another completely aloof, nothing personality!

"I don't mind long hair in talented



Len Barry puckers up.

kids like Freddie and The Dreamers, Herman's Hermits and the McCoys but when it's used as a replacement for talent, as it is with the Animals, the Lovin' Spoonful, the Changin' Times and most of the others - it's something I want to disassociate myself from completely.'

End of press release.

We're sure that the aforementioned groups - who are not as untalented as Mr. Barry thinks - want nothing to do with him either. So there, Hal Ha!

The following letter sums up a few interesting thoughts on the image of the Rolling Stones. We have met and spoken to the Stones several times and found that they were intelligent, friendly, articulate and very talented. Andrew Loog Oldham, who calls himself "Creative head" of the Stones, has a great weight on his shoulders. A fellow was seen walking through the streets of London draped in a sandwich board reading "Andrew Loog Oldham is God." Who hired him? Our sign reads "Andrew Oldham is a Loog." Now, here's the letter from Judie Harmuth of New York City:

"About your article "Do The Rolling Stones Hate Their Fans," August issue.

"Well, I say they don't hate their fans. I met Mick Jagger twice and the other Stones once and believe they don't hate us. It's Andy Oldham who hates us.

"In fact, I believe he really despises us.

"I met all the Stones at Kennedy Airport and they were fabulous to my girlfriend and I. But when I wanted to take a picture of the group, Andy stepped in and told me "No." I just wanted one picture, he said to me (in a nasty voice) "You should have been here when the press was taking pictures." The poor Stones couldn't do a thing.

"Personally I think Andy also runs their lives."

{Cont. on Page 63}

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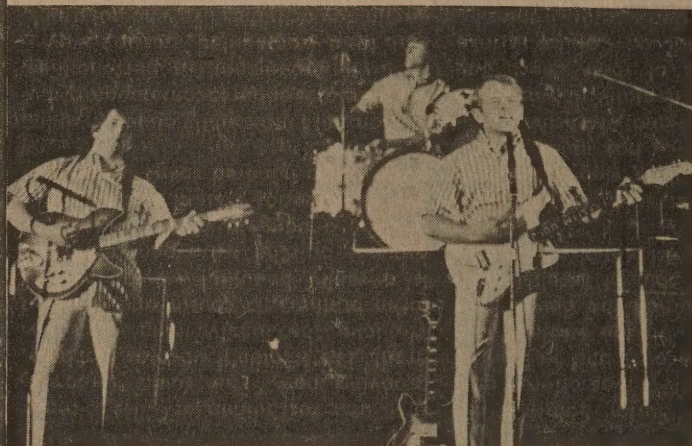
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# THE BEACH BOYS

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Striped shirts are their trademark.



Between shows lead guitarist Carl chats with other members of the show.

Are they really singing behind all those screams?

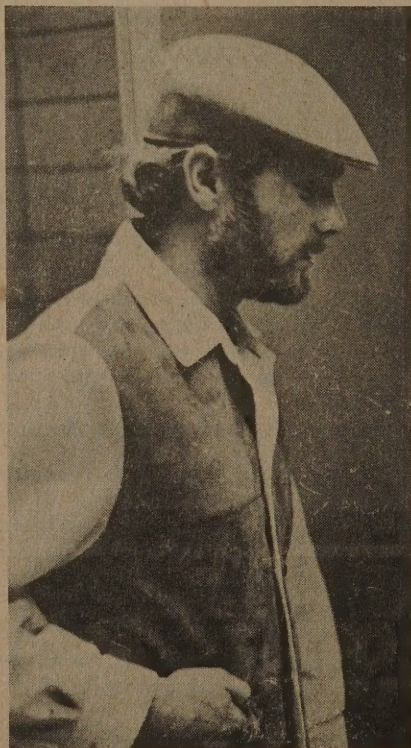
Some rock & roll groups don't. "Why should we? The audience just comes to see us and hear themselves scream", is their excuse.

Many groups do sing...but they don't put much effort into it. They sing off-key, play on out-of-tune guitars and look bored.

Groups with that attitude don't last very long.

But when you see the Lovin' Spoonful or the Beach Boys onstage you know why they've been able to stay on top while so many others have vanished. These two groups aren't faking or copping out. They really enjoy playing their music and their audiences are treated to this rare enthusiasm.

Backstage, their attitude toward their music is evident too. For example, if you've ever seen Carl Wilson, Zal Yanovsky or John Sebastian tune their guitars before a concert you know they're there to play. Anyone who spends that much time tuning has to be sincere about playing groovy music.



Mike Love sports a neat beard.



Carl is on a diet.



# CERT

## THE BEACH BOYS



Joe Butler listens to Carl talk on and on about guitars, cars, trains, boats and planes.



The Beach Boys demand lots of security.



Everybody flips out when they see Sebastian's autoharp. Al did too.

When we arrived backstage at a Lovin' Spoonful/Beach Boy concert one night John told us, "My autoharp has gone gimp on me!" It had fallen apart. He could have laid it aside until after the show, but without it the Spoonful couldn't do several of their most popular songs, including "Do You Believe In Magic."

So John got a tiny screwdriver, Steven held the loose keys in place and within 15 minutes the autoharp was working again.

Beach Boy fans need not worry about being unable to hear their favorite group - The Beach Boys carry the largest amplifiers of any group we've seen. Even if you're sitting in the last row of a football stadium, they have the power to reach you.

Little things like that are what separates the overnight failures in pop music from the genuine stars. □



# THE BEACH BOYS

# BRIAN Wilson

In a moment we will let Brian Wilson speak, in a Sunset Strip delicatessen, from behind a tomato juice, dwarfed by his enormous hands. He is a big man, more than six feet tall, comfortably over-weight, given to wearing quiet jackets and trousers and the fanciest shirts in Hollywood. He offers—and comprehends—brief, hardly-uttered humour; but he smiles not much and then only with the corners of his mouth.

He appears—and feels himself to be—considerably older than 23. He is a serious man, with a passion for patient explanation; he is swift to misunderstand; chiefly, one suspects, to force chapter and verse from his companion. He has immense personal charm and knows it. Also, he likes it in others. He sleeps extraordinary hours and will break appointments with absolute calm and only the faintest sense of guilt.

His head seethes with ideas, plots, plans—all interwoven, yet capable of instant separation and he is never a fraction of a step behind his companion in conversation.

Permit him now to speak: "I know I'm a creative man, musically—from early days I believed there were ideas waiting to be dumped out if I had time. Now I know it and it's a good feeling.

"I approach my music-making as an art-form—something pure from the spirit to which I can add dynamics and marketable reality.

"I believe in God—in one God; some higher being who is better than we are. But I'm not formally religious. I simply believe in the power of the spirit and in the manifestation of this in the goodness of people. I seek out the best elements in people."

"People are part of my music. A lot of the songs are the result of emotional experiences, sadness and pain."

"Or joy, exultation in nature and sunshine and so on...like 'California Girls,' a hymn to youth."

"I can write through empathy with others. The surf songs are a simple



Brian's mind is always in another world.

example of that—I have never surfed but I was able to feel it through Dennis, who is a fine athlete."

"I find it possible to spill melodies, beautiful melodies in moments of great despair. This is one of the wonderful things about this art form—it can draw out so much emotion and it can channel it into notes of music in cadence. Good, emotional music is never embarrassing. But emotional prose sometimes is."

"Music is genuine and healthy and the stimulation I get from moulding it and from adding dynamics is like nothing else on earth."

"I sat up in the house (by 'the house' Wilson meant his \$220,000 mansion, exquisitely furnished, in Beverly Hills) for five months, planning every stage of the album. I didn't mind people being around—there are visitors up there most of the time—so long as there weren't too many and provided I could cop out and sit thinking. I have a big Spanish table, circular, and I sit there hour, after hour."

"Or I go to the piano and sit playing 'Feels.' 'Feels' are specific rhythm patterns, fragments of ideas. Once they're out of my head and into the open air, I can see them and touch them firmly. They're not 'feels' any more."

"I think that on 'Pet Sounds' the track 'Let's Go Away for a While' is the most satisfying piece of music I've ever made. I applied a certain set of dynamics through the arrangement and the mixing and got a full musical extension of what I'd planned during the earliest stages of the theme."

"I think the chord changes are very special. I've used a lot of musicians on the track—twelve violins (I guess fiddles is the 'hip' phrase), piano, four saxes, oboe, vibes, a guitar with a Coke bottle on the strings for a semi-steel-guitar effect. Also, I used two basses and percussion. The total effect is..." "Let's go away for a while," which is something everyone in the world must have said at some time or other. 'Let's go away for a while.' Nice thought. Most of us don't go away, but it's still a nice thought."



# Brain behind the BEACH BOYS



In a recording studio, Brian reigns supreme. He quit touring to spend more time arranging.

"The track was supposed to be the backing for a vocal but I decided to leave it alone. It stands up well alone."

"Now, there's another track called 'Wouldn't It Be Nice' which has a very special and subtle background and for a time, I thought it would be the single after 'Sloop.' But that was before 'Good Vibrations.'"

"One of the features of this record is that Dennis sings a special way, cupping his hands. I had thought for hours of the best way to achieve the sound and Dennis dug the idea because he knew it would work. So we practiced for hours until it *did*."

"The thing is I write and think in terms of what the Beach Boys can do. Not what they would find it easy to do, but what I know they are capable of doing which isn't always the same thing."

"I have a governor in my mind which keeps my imagination in order because idiot ideas are just a hang-up. But I don't like to be told 'it can't be done' when I know it can. That's the point. It mostly can be done."

"My musical influences go back to the early days when I worshipped the Four Freshmen, those great guys. That groovy sectional sound!"

"The Beach Boys are lucky...we have a high range of voices; Mike can go from bass to the E above middle C; Dennis, Carl and Al progress upwards through C, A and B. I can take the second D in the treble clef."

"The harmonies we were able to produce gave us a uniqueness which is really the only important thing you can put into records – some quality no-one else has got into."

"Jack Good once told us, 'You sing like boys in a Sistine chapel,' which was a pretty good quote. Another beautiful quote was the other day when Al Jardine said: 'I feel as if you're singing through my mouth.' I dug that because it showed a total musical communication between Al and me. This was what I'd always been trying to achieve in creating tunes for the group."

"Al was talking about a song called 'God Only Knows,' which we may release under Carl's name as he sings the solo. In the harmonies at the end, each group member picks up the phrase 'God only knows that I'd be without you' in sequence so that there's a mingling stream of voices, each picking up on each other."

"I gave the song to Carl because I was looking for a tenderness and a sweetness which I knew Carl had in himself as well as in his voice. He brought dignity to the song and the words, through him, became not a lyric, but words."

"I'm very aware of the value of speaking through a song. I'm not talking of 'messages' – just about saying what you have to say to music. This is why I get so much kick out of bending electricity and recording techniques to make work for us. They're there to be used – maximum. Top maximum."

"I love peaks in a song – and enhancing them on the control panel. Most of all, I love the human voice for its own sake. But I can treat it, with some detachment, as another musical instrument. This doesn't imply a lack of respect because I respect all instruments from Jew's harp to spinet."

"I know that in some circles we're not regarded as all that 'hip' or 'in.' This is maybe, because, we haven't just arrived from nowhere with something new with a new label."

"But I don't care too much what anyone says, so long as I know I'm staying ahead – right up to the limit of my present capabilities. I don't put out anything I don't respect. And I know for sure that the Beach Boys brought something new into rock 'n' roll."

"I don't normally walk into any traps about our favourite contemporary groups because I think everyone's into his own things, which is good, but I must mention the Beatles."

"I started to understand just where they were at around 'Rubber Soul' time. Not just when the album came out, but a bit, before, when I really started to dig them for their attitudes and their magnetism as well as the music."

"What's so great is that the recording industry is getting so free and intelligent that we can go into new things – string quartets, auto-harps, instruments from another culture, dynamics. Dynamics. They're the key. Dynamics applied with love."

At this point, Brian stopped talking and retreated into reverie about "Pet Sounds." No father with his first newborn baby was ever in a higher state of grace than Brian Wilson with this album.

Yet, it is justified because it is no ordinary album and it will do for him and his Beach Boys what "Rubber Soul" did for the Beatles. It will most demonstratively make the point that here is more pure musical essence than the disbelievers ever dreamed of. □



# THE BEACH BOYS

# BUILDING

Mike & Brian



Brian Wilson is a genius, I think. I can't be sure because I don't know what the word means; but the way I see it, you have to use a very special word to capture the rare, mind-blocking, blinding talents of this 23 year old whose grasp of popular music is iron-clad and total.

He alone in the industry - at the pinnacle of the pop pyramid - is full creator of a record from the first tentative constructions of a theme to the final master disc.

Brian is writer - words and music - performer and singer, arranger, engineer, producer with complete control even over packaging and design.

All of which leaves him with a unique responsibility which he does not wear lightly.

So heavy are the self-imposed burdens of complete control that Wilson has retired from personal appearances altogether, and forever, to enable him to meet the mounting challenges from within his inventive musical soul.

If you can imagine the Beatles on stage without Lennon, the Stones less Brian Jones, the Who without Townsend, you have an idea of the sacrifice in visual appeal which Brian Wilson sought from the militant legions of Beach Boy fans in America.

Maybe you can imagine also what it means to step from the midst of the group you have formed and nurtured and to hand over the spotlight to a substitute performer, not in hot blood, not because of any inadequacy, but simply because you have re-assembled your priorities.

This was what Brian Wilson did a little less than a year ago. He had watched the group expand and mature from the gauche, sun-happy group of schoolboys - musical novices, and performers without a performance - to the richest, most famous, most potent household-name, pop-unit in the nation.

But he had watched, also, the joyous, flexible skills of Lennon and McCartney and the explosive freedoms of the new-

comers on the United States musical scene in 1965.

The rigorous tour-demands were becoming impossible for Brian Wilson on top of his writing tasks but with massive earning-power at their mobile feet, it would have been stupidity and downright bad business for the group to stay at home.

Yet, while he was battering across the nation, Wilson knew he couldn't spill from his head the tumbling ideas which would give the group a new musical direction.

So...he himself quit the road and into his place stepped an unknown 22 year old, Bruce Johnston, "phantom" Beach Boy.

Bruce, then unpublicized, had recorded with Terry Melcher and in appearance and attitude and, more important in the range of his voice, he blended swiftly with the Boys.

And, to Brian's delight, the substitution worked and fans, he found, accepted his reasons for absence as valid and important.

"This was confirmation of what I'd believed," he said. "That kids were becoming very aware musically. They had started to wonder where songs actually came from.

"And they come from inside human beings."

So they do. From Wilson's disciplined intensity have poured some incredible sounds, themes, melodies and dynamics in the past five months; plus those matchless cascading harmonies with which the Beach Boys first paid their membership fee to the club of Exclusivity.

Thirteen of the songs emerge on the Boys' thirteenth album - "Pet Sounds," Wilson's proudest product thus far and a certainty to provide the group with their eighth gold album for sales exceeding 1,000,000 Dollars per album.

But the fourteenth new song will be one to send the pop world staggering with delighted wonderment.

It is called "Good Vibrations" and it

may well be the contemporary song of the year.

Instrumentally, the track is quite brilliant; no symphony was ever scored with more inspirational patience and, because Wilson is as much a sound-fiend as a maker of melodies, he has used four separate recording studios (each in a different neighborhood), to build the four-tracked tape into a most masterly record.

He isn't talking too much about the actual ingredients in the song because the pop world abounds with adept thieves, but I've heard the dub so many times that my head reels and my mind cannot adequately comprehend the intricacies of his phrasing, nor the separate, sparkling attack of each instrument.

Wilson's instinctive talents for mixing sounds could most nearly equate to those of the old painters whose special secret was in the blending of their oils. And what is most amazing about all outstanding creative artists is that they are using only those basic materials which are freely available to everyone else.

'Phantom' Bruce Johnston now, both tours and records with the group. Though he is not included in the 2,000,000 dollar a year Beach Boy Corporation, he receives a very handsome salary and he is, in any case, heir to a multi-million drugs and canning fortune.

They started, with no great seriousness, by making a record called "Surfin'," while they were still at school at Hawthorne, on the Californian edge of the Pacific.

Brian recalled the song: "Mike (Love) and I wrote it because surfing was becoming a big craze and someone in school suggested a song about the sport. It was no great musical creation, but it did bring something of the essence of surfing and the sea to music."

So it did. It altered the course of contemporary music in the USA, this one slight song recorded in two hours in Hollywood, on a single-track tape system with little Jardine playing a stand-



# The Beach Boy Empire

By Derek Taylor

ard' double-bass twice as big as himself, 14-year old Carl Wilson on acoustic guitar, Brian himself standing up using brushes on drums and Mike Love singing the vocals with a severe cold.

The record sold more than 40,000 copies in the dying weeks of 1961. And it went to No. 3 in Southern California in a chart distorted beyond belief by the Twist and its many variants. (Chubby Checker was No. 1 at the time.)

In the U.S. as a whole, the record reached 75 which is no bad thing for a first disc by schoolboys reflecting the spirit of an ocean which is as remote from most Americans as the Tiber is from the good people of Nelson and Colne.

From this first single, the Beach Boys drew \$900 in royalties which wasn't much — and, in fact, not enough; that is another story — but it was sufficient to take them back into the studio for



**Brian, Mike and Al pause during a hike through the woods and think of new songs to sing.**



**Mike looks for pine needles.**

another single, "Surfin' Safari." This, coupled with "409", was offered as a master to Dot records and to Liberty, both of whom, with the wisdom born of experience, turned the Beach Boys down. (Oh! the pain of recollection... the anguished presidential nightmares at Dot and Liberty.)

Capitol, however, said "Yes" and with them the Beach Boys signed a seven year contract which has much of four years still to run and which they may well re-sign. (Incidentally, it was probably the success of their Beach Boy gamble which induced Capitol to take the Beatles two years later. Ironically, neither group has ever recorded a note in Capitol studios.)

The Boys started to perform locally, and then nationally and by 1963 they were a very prosperous, virile national touring group and massive hitmakers in a period when, otherwise, American pop music was in a dead faint.

From the beginnings, to date, they have passed through single sales exceeding 15,000,000 copies, twelve albums, every town and city in the Union, most European countries, Japan and the Orient, Australia and Canada.

The songs from "Pet Sounds" will probably be violently plundered by other artists, which will dismay neither Brian Wilson, as composer, nor his father Murry who runs their publishing company, engagingly called "Sea of Tunes."

I asked Brian about his father, their

first and last manager. "He's really grooving now," he said. "Grooving great. But it didn't work as manager. We love the family thing — y'know: three brothers, a cousin and a friend is a really beautiful way to have a group — but the extra generation can become a hang-up. Now we have our own managerial system. But my dad's got about a hundred songs to keep the pot boiling."

Brian talks incessantly about anything which relates either to contemporary music, its improvement, its personalities. Not in a fragmented, gossipy way — day to day activities like, who got drunk, who got pregnant, don't exist for him; he has less small-talk than a Trappist Monk — but in an urgent, eager way almost in the hope that by willing them to get into new directions, they will follow in subconscious obedience.

He adores his group, not as a contemporary, but rather like a patriarchal games-coach. He knows their faults and he raps hard and fast and directly when he doesn't get what he wants. And the Beach Boys are not always easy to deal with. How could they be? Or why?

Equally, he seeks constantly for some redeeming quality. It may be the sexual magnetism which draws the nation's girlhood to the bronzed, iron-necked Dennis. Or, the unbelievable niceness of Carl. It could be the loyalty and half-stated

*{Continued on next page}*



# THE BEACH BOYS



Dennis tries to spell his name.

## BUILDING THE BEACH BOY EMPIRE

*{Continued from last page}*

simmering wit of little Al Jardine. Or again the show-off, overt, non-toxic appeal of Bruce Johnston.

For each of them Brian has hour, upon hour, of analytical conversation to bestow on a listener.

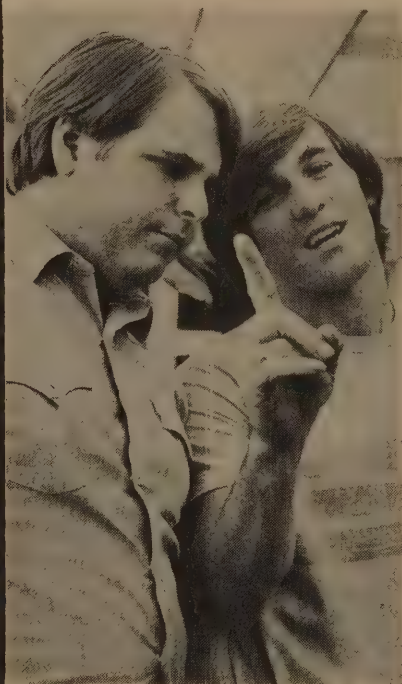
But it is for Mike Love that he preserves his special praise. I believe this is not only because he respects Love as a remarkable entertainer (whose potential reaches far beyond rock 'n' roll, or any form of music...away into boundless uplands) but also because Brian has a faint but deep sense of personal guilt over Mike who is MC and leader on stage, yet, can never be overall leader.



Carl, Denny, Brian and Santa.



Brian thinks about sounds.



Dennis tells Carl, never, never do that again.



Al tells Denny to watch out for the copperheads.

For while Brian Wilson is founder, musical genius and natural born inspirer, he has, I suspect, no love for the title "Leader."

I think he would gladly hand the title to Mike Love who would refuse it. His reasoning may seem complicated, but isn't. It is simply a symptom of the substantial power within the Beach Boys. For it is power which has kept them ahead. Musical strength, potent chem-

istry on stage, intellectual rapport away from the theatres, physical fitness off duty. All these are part of the implied discipline which binds what would, otherwise, be a very headstrong, loose, bunch.

Wilson's own summary of the binding-power is "positive thinking." I'm not quarrelling with that. Are you? □



## ●HERE TODAY

(As recorded by The Beach Boys/  
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON**

**TONY ASHER**

It starts with just a little glance now  
Right away you're thinking 'bout romance  
now

You know you ought to take it slower  
But you just can't wait to get to know her  
A brand new love affair is such a beautiful  
thing  
But if you're not careful, think about  
the pain it can bring,  
It makes you feel so bad  
It makes your heart feel sad  
It makes your days go wrong  
It makes your nights so long  
You've got to keep in mind  
Love is here today and it's gone  
tomorrow  
It's here and gone so fast.

Right now you think that she's perfection  
This time is really an exception  
Well, you know I hate to be a downer  
But I'm the guy she left before you found  
her  
Well, I'm not saying you won't have a  
bit of a whirl  
But I keep on remembering things like  
they were  
She made me feel so bad  
She made my heart feel sad  
She made my days go wrong  
And made my nights so long  
You've got to keep in mind  
Love is here today and it's gone tomorrow  
It's here and gone so fast.

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lishing Co.



## ●YOU STILL BELIEVE IN ME

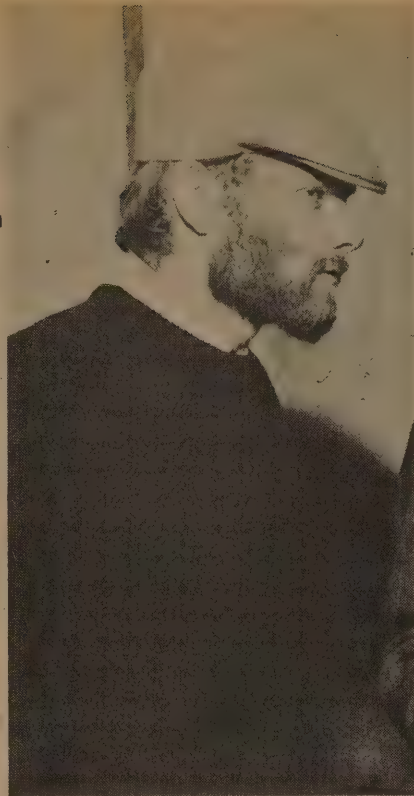
(As recorded by the Beach Boys/  
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON**

**TONY ASHER**

I know perfectly well I'm not where I  
should be  
I've been very aware you've been patient  
with me  
Everytime we break up you bring back  
your love to me  
And after all I've done to you  
How can it be you still believe in me?  
I try hard to be more what you want  
me to be  
But I can't help how I act when you're  
not here with me  
I try hard to be strong but sometimes  
I fall myself  
And after all I promised you, so faith-  
fully you still believe in me  
I want to cry, ah, ah.

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## ●GOD ONLY KNOWS

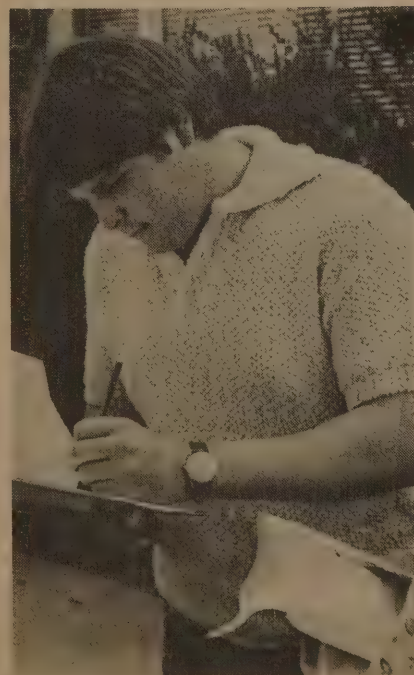
(As recorded by The Beach Boys/  
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON**

**TONY ASHER**

I may not always love you  
But long as there are stars above you  
You never need to doubt it  
I'll make you so sure about it  
God only knows, what I'd be without you  
If you should ever leave  
Oh life would still go on believe me  
The world could show nothing to me  
So what good would living do me  
God only knows, what I'd be without you.

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## ●I'M WAITING FOR THE DAY

(As recorded by The Beach Boys/  
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON**

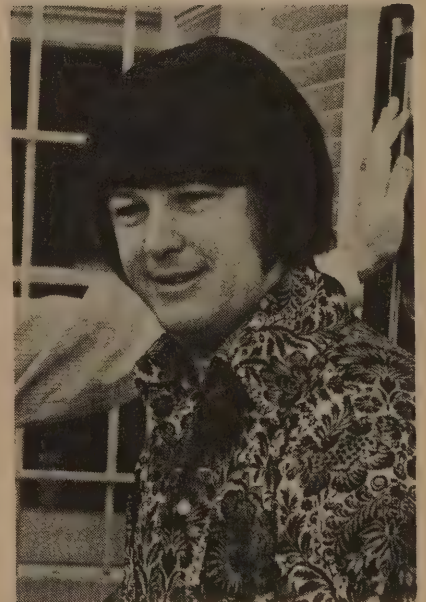
**MIKE LOVE**

I came along when he broke your heart  
That's when you needed someone to help  
forget about him

I gave you love with a brand new start  
That's what you needed the most to  
set your broken heart free  
I know you cried and you felt blue  
But when I could I gave strength to you  
I'm waiting for the day when you can  
love again.

I kissed your lips when your face  
looked sad  
It made me think about him and that  
you still loved him so  
But pretty soon I'll make you feel glad  
that you belong to me, and love began  
to show  
He hurt you then but that's all gone  
I guess I'm saying you're the only one  
I'm waiting for the day when you can  
love again.

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## ●CAROLINE, NO

(As recorded by Brian Wilson/  
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON**

**TONY ASHER**

Where did your long hair go  
Where is the girl I used to know  
How could you lose that happy glow.  
Oh, Caroline, no.

Who took that look away  
I remember how you used to say  
You'd never change  
But that's not true  
Oh, Caroline you break my heart  
I want to go and cry  
It's so sad to watch a sweet thing die  
Oh, Caroline, no.

Could I ever find in you again  
Things that made me love you so  
much then  
Could we ever bring them back once  
they have gone  
Oh, Caroline, no.

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## ● I JUST WASN'T MADE FOR THESE TIMES

(As recorded by The Beach Boys/  
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON**  
**TONY ASHER**

I keep looking for a place to fit in  
Where I can speak my mind  
I've been trying hard to find the people  
that I won't leave behind  
They say I've got brains but they ain't  
doin' me no good  
I wish they could.



## ● WOULDN'T IT BE NICE

(As recorded by The Beach Boys/  
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON**  
**TONY ASHER**

Wouldn't it be nice if we were really older  
Then we wouldn't have to wait so long?  
And wouldn't it be nice to live together  
In the kind of world where we belong?  
You know it's gonna make it that much  
better  
When we can say goodnight and stay  
together  
Would it be nice if we could wake up  
in the morning when the day is new?  
And have to have to spend the day together  
Hold each other close the whole night  
through  
Oh, what happy times together we'd be  
spending  
I wish that every kiss was never ending.

Oh, wouldn't it be nice?  
Maybe if we think and wish and hope  
and pray it might come true  
Maybe then there wouldn't be a single  
thing we couldn't do  
Oh, we could be married  
And then we'd be happy  
Oh, wouldn't it be nice?  
You know it seems the more we walk  
about it  
It only makes it worse to live without it  
But let's talk about it  
Wouldn't it be nice?

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## ● DON'T TALK (PUT YOUR HEAD ON MY SHOULDER)

(As recorded by The Beach Boys/  
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON**  
**TONY ASHER**

I can hear so much in your sighs  
And I can see so much in your eyes  
There are words we both could say  
But don't talk put your head on my  
shoulder  
Come close, close your eyes and be  
still  
Don't talk, take my hand and let me  
be your heartbeat  
Being here with you feels so right  
We could live forever tonight  
Let's not think about tomorrow  
Don't talk, put your head on my shoulder  
Come close, close your eyes and be still  
Don't talk, take my hand and listen to  
my heartbeat  
Listen, listen, listen  
Don't talk, put your head on my shoulder  
Don't talk, close your eyes and be still  
Don't talk, put your head on my shoulder  
Don't talk, close your eyes and be still  
Don't talk, put your head on my shoulder.  
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Everytime I get the inspiration to go change  
things around  
No one wants to help me look for places  
where new things might be found  
Where can I turn when my fair weather  
friends cop out?  
What's it all about?

Each time things start to happen again  
I think I got something good goin' for  
myself  
But what goes wrong?  
Sometimes I feel very sad  
Sometimes I feel very sad  
Sometimes I feel very sad  
I guess I just wasn't made for these times.  
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lishing Co.

## ● SLOOP JOHN B

(As recorded by The Beach Boys/  
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON**  
We come on the Sloop John B  
Your grandfather and me  
'Round Nassau town we did roam  
Drinking all night  
Got into a fight  
Well I feel so broke-up  
I wanna go home.

So hoist up the John B sail  
See how the main sail sets  
Call for the captain ashore and let me  
go home  
Let me go home  
I want to go home, yeah, yeah  
Well I feel so broke-up  
I want to go home.

The firstmate he got drunk  
Broke in the captain's trunk  
The constable had to come and take him  
away  
Sheriff John Stone  
Why don't you leave me alone, yeah,  
yeah  
Well I feel so broke-up  
I want to go home  
(Repeat chorus).

I want to go home  
Home, let me go home  
Why don't you let me go home  
Home, hoist up the John B sail  
Feel so broke-up  
I want to go home  
Let me go home.

The poor cook he caught the fitts  
And threw away all my grits  
And then he took and he ate up all of  
my corn  
Let me go home  
Why don't they let me go home  
This is the worst trip I've ever been on,  
(Repeat chorus).  
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Music.

## ● I KNOW THERE'S AN ANSWER

(As recorded by The Beach Boys/  
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON**  
**TERRY SACHEN**

I know so many people who think they  
can do it alone  
They isolate their heads and stay in  
their safety zone  
Now what can you tell them?  
And what can you say that would  
make them be pensive?  
I know there's an answer  
I know now that I have to find it  
by myself.

'Neath the moonlight they're peaceful  
but inside they're sewn up tight  
They trip through the day and waste  
all their thoughts at night  
Now how can I come and tell them  
the way that they live could be  
better?

I know there's an answer  
I know now that I have to find it by  
myself.

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## ● THAT'S NOT ME

(As recorded by The Beach Boys/  
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON**  
**TONY ASHER**

I had to prove that I could make it alone,  
now  
But that's not me  
I wanted to show how independent I'd  
grown, now  
But that's not me  
I could try to be big in the eyes of the  
world  
What matters to me is what I could be  
to just one girl  
I'm a little bit scared 'cause I haven't  
been home in a long time  
You need my love and I know that I  
left at the wrong time.  
My folks when I wrote and told them  
what I was up to  
Said, that's not me.

I went through all kinds of changes  
Took a look at myself and said  
That's not me  
I miss my pad and the places I've known  
And every night as I lay there alone  
I would dream  
I once had a dream so I packed up and  
split for the city  
I soon found out that my lonely life wasn't  
so pretty  
But when I went on then that's for sure  
that we're ready  
I once had a dream so I packed up and  
split for the city  
I soon found out that my lonely life  
wasn't so pretty.

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# MEET the BEACH BOYS

## THE BEACH BOYS

BRIAN WILSON

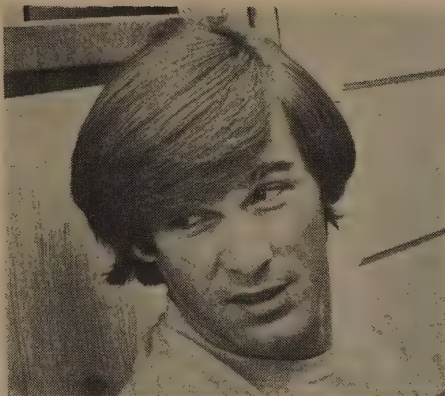


Brian's stiletto-sharp mind cuts through layers of confusion, disorder and double-talk to get at the meat of the matter at hand. Though inclined to be tense, serious and intellectual, he has a sense of humor that ranges from the whimsical to the way-out. His hearty laugh starts on the first floor of his diaphragm and bellows out through the roof of the house.

The other four boys generally accept Brian's judgments and decisions but they sound off loud when they don't see eye-to-eye with him. He readily gives in when a better idea is presented; he doesn't consider himself omniscient - a \$64 word meaning all-wise, all-powerful, all-knowing and too dog-goned smart to be human. Peace in the family and harmony in the group are more precious than rubies.

Starting in high school, he began organizing vocal and instrumental combos to entertain at parties and dances for peanuts and bread. The greatest of all, he eventually found in his own home and neighborhood.

"In college I took a music appreciation course but the teachers were 100 per cent against anything except operas, symphonies, cantata, chamber and classical stuff," Brian recalls. "Well, I wasn't going to sit there and let any guy tell me that pop music is bad. I love both. After a year-and-a-half, I became a college drop-out and I'm not sorry. My hunger for knowledge is very strong but I can learn more through self-study."



DENNIS WILSON

Dennis Wilson, whose wild drums feed the beat to the Beach Boys music, was the original surfer with dyed hair and wet feet who stirred up the surf-in' excitement among his brothers and friends, which led to their first disk smasheroo.

A complete out-going extrovert, Dennis is the group's glad-hander, good-timer, and mad-mixer. He devotes much of his spare time to the gentle art of girl-watching. Once he was nearly caught in the tender trap but got away in time.

Dennis loves to meet people, of all types and is the easiest to know of all the Beach troupe. After a performance he likes to mix with the audience and talk with everybody. He often brings new-found girlfriends and acquaintances backstage to meet the other lads.

Quotes from his questionnaire: "Most of my dreams are about money, cars and girls...Three of us are brothers and we naturally have some pretty good scraps which blow over soon. There's no chance of the Beach Boys coming unglued. They tell me I've got a quick temper and a far-out temperament... but when I look into the big baby blue eyes of a long-haired girl I can agree with anything she says..."

BRUCE JOHNSTON



Bruce Johnston, the phantom Beach Boy - he is the one who tours in place of Brian Wilson Beach Boy leader who no longer goes on the road preferring, rather, to stay in his home creating the new music of the Beach Boys.

Bruce Johnston is an admirable fill-in and is achieving a close identity with the Boys on personal appearances.

He is, also, a member of a duo - Bruce and Terry. The other half of the duo is Terry Melcher, A & R man for Paul Revere and the Raiders and The Byrds, for whom he produced two Number One records.

Bruce and Terry have made several records together. One, "Hey Little Cobra" is still played all over the country, another "Four Strong Winds" deserved to be played all over the country but wasn't.

A third - "Come Love" - was played hard by KFWB recently and was picked by Lord Tim but failed to make it in America.

"Come Love," however, is now Number Six in Hong Kong and is doing well elsewhere in foreign markets.

Bruce is 22, extremely cheerful and genuinely pleasant to have around. He was born into a prosperous family - his father was vice-president of Rexall Drug Company.

With the Beach Boys he's toured the U.S. many times and he's visited Japan. He will be with the group when they make their first big English tour this year.

*{Continued on next page}*



# THE BEACH BOYS

*{Continued from last page}*



MIKE LOVE

Mike Love is many things to the Beach Boys. As lead vocalist, he sings both bass and tenor, and he emcees the stage shows.

Marvy Mike is the company comedian and a one-man laugh track when he's in the mood for cutting capers with friends, strangers and especially pretty girls. Yet, he has a complicated dual personality and can be both kind and sarcastic, idealistic and cynical, sympathetic and impatient, playful as a puppy, or serious as a tree full of owls.

When he's playing around, Mike is a delightful idiot but when he settles down to studying, writing or learning new material, he becomes tenacious as a bulldog. Dancing used to be a drag because he wasn't the best on any floor, so he decided to be just that. In a few weeks he could dance the Monkey like a monkey wishes it could. Mike's like that -- he wants to go first class or not at all.

Quotes from a questionnaire:  
"I love going barefoot in Bermuda shorts....Femininity has many alluring aspects but long hair turns me on the most... When I'm out in public and feel a sneeze coming on, I let 'em have it....I don't have any trouble keeping my nails clean as they are usually in my mouth...."



CARL WILSON

Carl is the youngest and most gifted instrumentalist of the Beach Boys Five.

Playing lead guitar, his strings pace the other galloping guitars. Brian says Carl has such exquisite musical taste that he'll change any arrangement that Carl doesn't like.

In his early Beach Boys' career, concert tours and recording dates kept him out of class so often that he was a year late in getting his hands on a diploma.

"It doesn't matter too much anyhow," he said. "Most of my learning has come from being with the Beach Boys. The music business is better than a college education."

Carl has the strongest family resemblance to Brian, his older brother whom he worships. He used to be terribly shy and easily embarrassed but he's growing out of that fast. His warm personality attracts friends to him easily. He is generous, kind, affectionate, conscientious, co-operative, quiet and deep. If you like that type, you'll like Carl the most.



ALAN JARDINE

A folk singer turned dental student, Al Jardine is now happiest as a swingin' songster, rockin' rhythm guitarist and the only married member of the Beach Boys.

He's a devoted husband to his childhood sweetheart and they hope to raise a large family of surfin' boys and belles.

"Being married, my life on tour is less hectic than the other boys," Al explains. "The girls are friendly but not flirty. I suppose it's the same with the married Beatle, John Lennon, who is sort of father image to the teen chicks. The most important thing in my personal life is to concentrate on the success of my marriage."

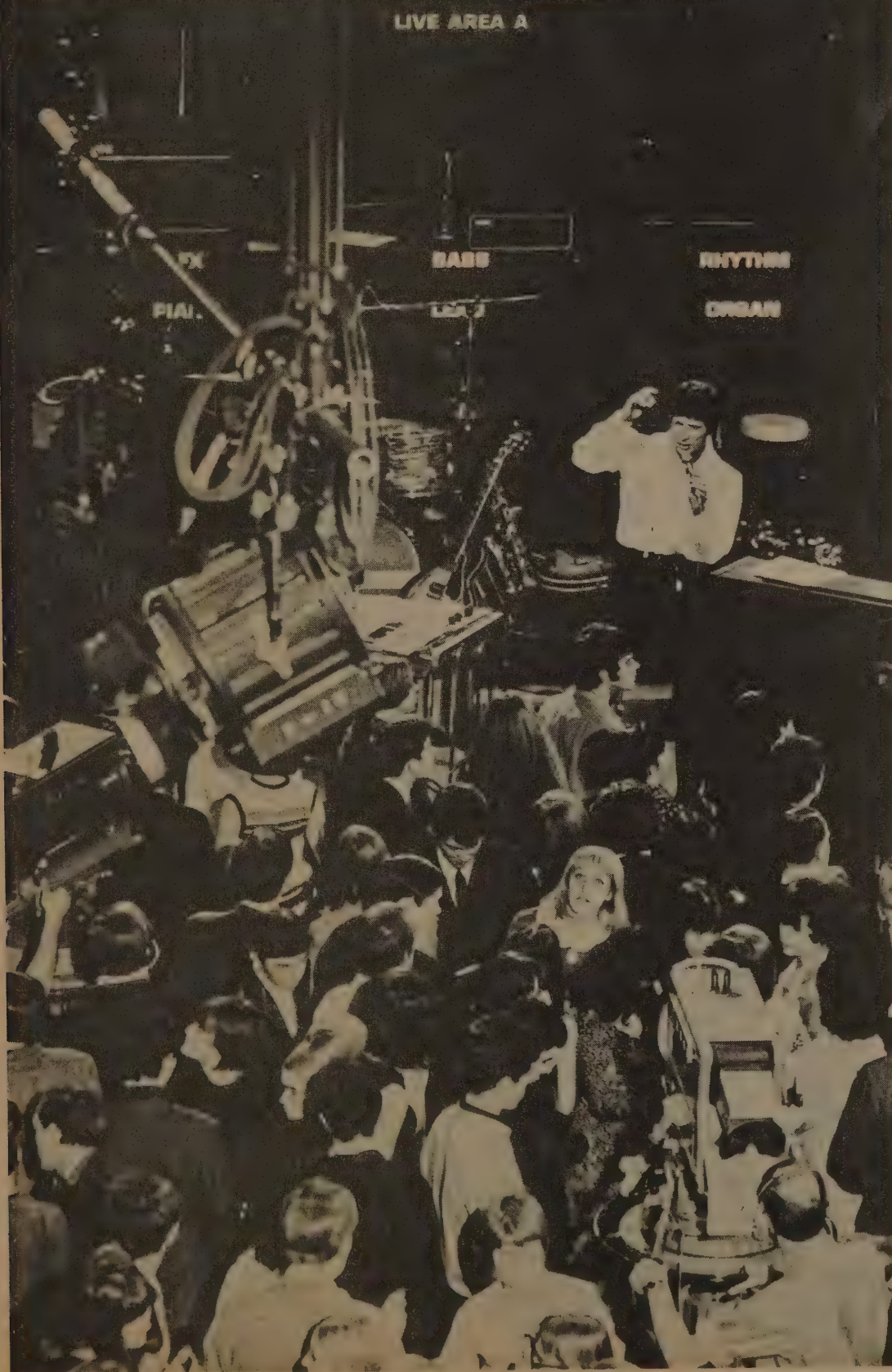
Al is the quiet and pensive member of the group. During their travels, while the others are sleeping or playing around, Al most likely will have his nose buried in a book that will pack his brain with knowledge or understanding. His quiet strength makes him one of the most popular members of the quintet.



**the *ENGLISH* TV scene...**

# SWING

Please Turn Page





Many American performers who've been in England during the last couple of years have told us how impressed they were with the pop music TV programs.

The action is faster and more efficient in the British TV studios. There are lots of young people in charge, but even the older technicians seem more open-minded than their American counterparts. Creative ideas are developed quickly without being bogged down in dreary conferences and unimaginative camera set-ups. Shows are a pleasure to watch - and participate in.

For artists with a hot record, or one about to break big, Friday is R.S.G! Day. "Ready, Steady, Go!" is the top, pop, musical program on Rediffusion ITV, the commercial TV network in Britain.

First broadcast on August 9, 1963, R.S.G! has outlived "Hullabaloo", "Shindig", and dozens of imitators.

The performers, both English and American, seem to enjoy doing "Ready, Steady, Go!" more than those other shows, too. For example, both "Hullabaloo" and "Shindig" took 3 or 4 days to tape. R.S.G! is broadcast live at 7:30 every Friday night. The stars show up at the studio at noon that day and rehearse until 5 or 6 p.m., with frequent breaks. After dinner, the audience comes into the studio and by 8 o'clock, everyone is on their way home.

The idea for the program came to Rediffusion's then Head of Entertainment Programs, Elkan Allan, after he had watched a disc and dance show in America and listened to a pop record-radio show in London. He decided that a combination of the two - plus some original ingredients was needed on ITV... and R.S.G! was born.

On April 2, 1965, "Ready, Steady, Go!" became "Ready, Steady, Goes Live" - the first regular British pop music program on television to put a 100% ban on miming. (After initial transition period, the title has reverted to "Ready, Steady, Go!") All the vocals on the show are live, though most of the instrumental backings are pre-recorded.

Artists who have made their television debuts on the program include, among others, The Animals, Donovan, The Kinks, Manfred Mann, Dusty Springfield (as a solo artist), Herman's Hermits, The Yardbirds, The Rolling Stones, Marianne Faithful, Lulu and the Who.

And among the many American artists whom R.S.G! has introduced to British viewers are Gene Pitney, Dionne Warwick, Sonny & Cher, Martha and the Vandellas, The Supremes, The Ronettes, The Vibrations, Ben E. King and the Lovin' Spoonful.

Usually there are 3 or 4 big name stars on the half-hour program and a promising newcomer or two.

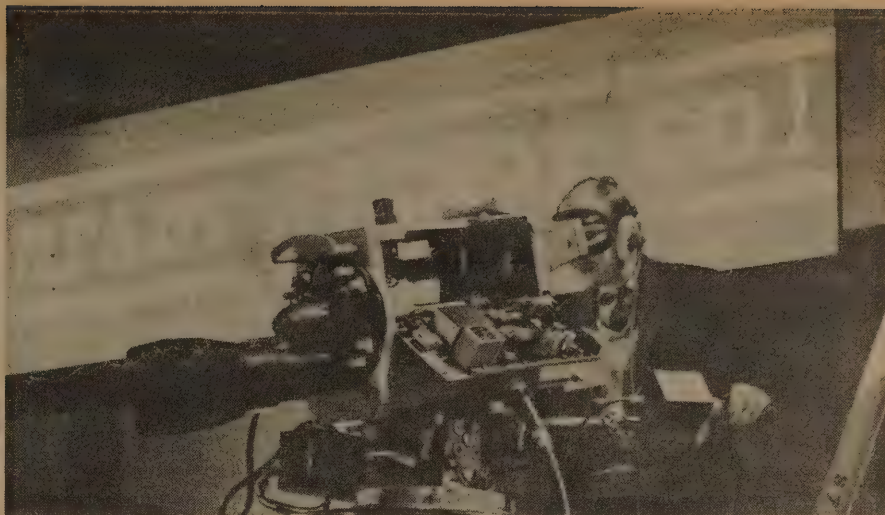


**"Ready Steady Go" was the original TV musical show with youth appeal. Above, somebody threw chicken soup at The Who, observe noodles draped over them. Below, people in England don't scream at Herman. They just listen and smile.**



**Paul Jones, of Manfred Mann, debuted "Pretty Flamingo" on R.S.G.**





**Dave Clark and his gang have appeared many times.**

Cathy McGowan, "Ready, Steady, Go's" fashion expert and m.c., joined the program on November 8, 1963 and shortly afterwards made her television debut. She is regarded by many as a style-setter.

The young people dancing on camera are always decked out in the latest Mod fashions.

During our recent visits to the R.S.G. studio we were very impressed by many things. It's not unusual to see a scene being covered from 3 or 4 different camera angles. When Manfred Mann did "Machines," an anti-automation song, three cameras closed in on lead vocalist Paul Jones like birds of prey.

The communication, co-operation and mutual respect between performers and technicians, so common in England, is rarely found in America. The TV director will often use suggestions, made by the artists. Everyone contributes to make an interesting, exciting show every week.

Because of groovy TV shows like "Ready, Steady, Go!" the pop music scene in England is still swinging. □



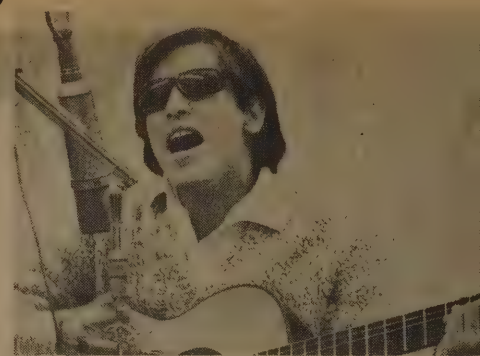
**When Manfred Mann did a song called "Machines," about automation, cameras closed in on lead vocalist Paul Jones.**



**British kids can do the latest dances, sport the latest clothes.**



# BLUES BAG



The ultra-super-talented Jose.

## THE PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND

They call it "sound and soul." Where folk, blues, rock and jazz unite.

And right in the middle of it all is the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, six young Chicagoans currently giving the country its first taste of a new musical entity.

As columnist Ralph Gleason of the San Francisco Chronicle put it, "This is a real 'take-charge' band. They come on like they know what they are up to and they play as if there was no question about their success.

"The electronically amplified sound comes on with a roar like a couple of jets but it swings and it swings hard. Butterfield plays the harmonica in an exciting, shouting style and he sings... with conviction and spirit.

"The solo guitarist, Mike Bloomfield, is really an extraordinary player. He produces long, exciting, soaring solos that leap out over the sound of the band and come alive, whirring and snapping through the hall."

This highly talented group is now spreading its new word coast to coast with a rash of concert and nightclub engagements in addition to their best-selling Elektra recordings.

Not too long ago the Butterfield Band was holding forth at Big John's, a nightclub on Chicago's Wells Street. Before that, Butterfield had performed regularly for over a year at the Blue Flame and the 1015 Club on Chicago's South Side in the company of some of the city's best young blues men.

It was the Butterfield Band that caused the Newport (R. I.) Folk Festival to relax its ban of electrified instruments in 1965. The huge collegiate-aged audience knew it was witnessing something special.

The sound of the group is unique, instantly recognizable and yet firmly rooted in the Chicago blues tradition.

Butterfield, who once studied classical flute, plays blues harmonica in a style developed by Little Walter. Using a regular harmonica, he cups a micro-

phone in his hands as he plays. By changing positions of the microphone and harmonica, he then creates a variety of tonal effects.

Of Butterfield himself, critic Gleason wrote, "What is interesting about (the group's first album) is that a young white Chicagoan can play the blues this well. It is as if a Negro sharecropper from Mississippi were suddenly to be expert in Gaelic song. What is of further interest is that this band is the blues band which attracts all the attention when the originals on which it is patterned (Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters) go unrecognized by this audience."

Lead guitarist Bloomfield, a peerless technician, has been critically acclaimed for his agility, inventiveness and complete rapport with Butterfield's "harp."

Second guitar chores are handled by Elvin Bishop, a University of Chicago student originally from Tulsa.

The band's rhythm load is superbly carried by Jerome Arnold, brother of singer-harmonica player Billy Boy Arnold, on electric bass, and Billy Davenport, formerly with Junior Wells, furnishing the power on drums.

Additional substance and variety of texture come from Mark Naftalin, who presides over electric organ.

Together the band appeals to a wide spectrum of listeners. Pop music enthusiasts are drawn by the compelling beat and the sound of today. Blues buffs find it a new exponent of a vital tradition. Serious music writers note the insight and originality.

As one fellow musician once said of Butterfield, "He really feels it. He's got it. He understands."

## TOM RUSH

Tom Rush defies any sort of classification. He is unique in an age of specialization, at home in any and all idioms of music. With an easy manner, flexible voice and versatile guitar, Tom moves through a range of blues, ballads, cowboy songs and pop music, performing each unto its own style. Each song becomes a Tom Rush song, an exciting and personal experience.

Tom studied classical piano for nine years before he set about teaching himself to play the guitar. He was influenced early by the Buddy Holly Elvis Presley school and once formed a rock 'n' roll band to play at his high school's functions. In 1960, Tom entered Harvard University to study English literature. At the same time he began to perform in the local coffee houses where he was exposed to many new forms of music. Eric Von Schmidt, Jack Elliot and Bob Jones contributed largely in this area. Tom found that he was drawn to individual songs rather than to whole idioms, thus allowing him to choose the best representation of each. Building a broad repertoire gave him the freedom to express his own personality. Recently Tom tried his hand at writing songs with several very successful results.

Interrupting his studies periodically, Tom worked his way through the U.S. and Europe, by picking up odd jobs as he found them. While in France he was received very well in small cabarets and as a street singer, long before the latter became fashionable. Because he preferred to finish his studies, Tom's early career was confined to the Boston area, where he built a sizeable following.

Once free to travel, Tom began performing in clubs, concerts and folk festivals all over the U.S. and Canada. He records for Elektra and his fans include many of folk music's stars.

## JOHN HAMMOND

John Hammond believes in his music as completely as he believes in his own life. He got his earliest musical learning from the rhythm-and-blues masters, "guys like Chuck Berry, Larry Williams, Elvis, Little Richard, Jimmy Reed, Bo Diddley." He first became aware of country blues in high school; he bought a Lightning Hopkins record and "thought it was just the end of the world. I got immediately hung up in it, the fantasy side of it as well as the cold, very tough aspect of it." He began to sing blues then, but didn't





**Butterfield Blues Band hanging around. John Hammond looking friendly. Tom Rush pensively looking.**

start playing guitar until college, at Antioch, which he left after two years in favor of singing on the streets of the South and in the coffee-shops across the country.

Yes, John believes: "I don't see myself as singing blues just because the door was opened. I began to dig blues when I was all alone. It was a great feeling of release, but it became more than that. It became a whole way of saying things. When I sing, I can stand aside, I can feel good. I can reach people sometimes. I can put so much of me into it and at the same time be made stronger by it."

One can trace the influence of no single performer on John, though the Mississippi Delta style of Robert Johnson, Muddy Waters, Big Joe Williams and others is crucial. Among his contemporaries, young blues-singers like Ian Buchanan, Dave "Snaker" Ray, Tony "Little Sun" Glover and "Spider" John Koerner gave him confidence and encouragement, making him aware that others were working towards similar goals.

If the blues are often sad, it is never the sadness of surrender. What they proclaim, rather, is "I am here!" So John Hammond says, "No matter where I go or what I do, I sing the blues... I had once been very sad for, it seems, a very long time, frustrated and bitter, mad with myself that I couldn't understand what made me feel so bad. I hadn't been free to myself. And don't you know when my number came up my ears were open, I lost the fear of my imagination. The true freedom is in yourself alone."

#### JOSE FELICIANO

"Meet this wonderful young person. You will never forget him," he wrote *The Buffalo Evening News* in July, 1965, reviewing the first RCA Victor album by a young Puerto-Rican born guitarist-singer, Jose Feliciano. *The Washington Post* commented, "He has a rich, bluesy phraseology that not only tears into the heart of a song but most assuredly will tear into you." And staid, objective

observers have described the effect of a Feliciano performance as making audiences "scream" for more.

What is there about this slim, smiling, 20-year-old New York-bred boy that makes audiences scream? It's a combination of incredible, self-taught virtuosity on the guitar and a hard-driving personal intensity that rises to incandescence in performance. Plus a versatility that's positively awesome. In his first album, for example, he sings in rock 'n' roll, folk, Latin American pop, and American pop style. He sings a Bob Dylan song and a nonsense song with a bossa nova beat. On the guitar, he plays an imitation of a blue grass banjo and mandolin duet, with each instrument clearly delineated, and an adaptation of "Flight of the Bumble Bee."

Joe's first public performance was at the El Teatra Puerto Rico in New York's Spanish Harlem when he was nine years old. ("My father had to pick me up because I was so crowded no one could see me," and the audience "stood up and screamed with joy"). But he first reached a wider audience when he played in Gerde's Folk City in New York's Greenwich Village in 1963. There he was discovered, entirely by accident, by an RCA Victor A&R man who had dropped in to catch another act. Jose was on when the A&R man entered and, in the latter's own words, at the first sounds from Jose, all thought of the other artist evaporated. He sat, entranced, for the duration of Jose's act, glued to his chair - and signed him to a contract as soon as possible. Jose's first record (and his own composition), "Everybody Do The Click" - a parody of Miriam Makeba's wedding song - was released in the fall of '64 and became an immediate hit (among other things, it was No. 2 in the Philippines, which proves that sound does, indeed, travel fast). His first album, "The Voice and Guitar of Jose Feliciano", was released in June, 1965. A typical reaction - In addition to those cited at the beginning of this piece - was from *Cosmopolitan* magazine in

September: "...one of the most exciting albums we've heard in years...(he) has mastered an incredible variety of styles. He sings blues in a voice that can only be compared to Odetta's, yet he does Spanish songs as though he were born in the caves of Granada...Don't buy this album for background music - you'll find yourself listening to every note."

Jose Feliciano - which name, felicitously enough means "The Happy One" - was born in Puerto Rico, but was brought to New York City when he was very young. He now has eight brothers, ranging in age from twenty-one to one, and of nephews and nieces, "too many to enumerate." His first musical experience, aged three, was accompanying his uncle by tapping on a tin soda biscuit can. He soon graduated to an accordion, but as soon as he discovered the guitar, he dropped the other instruments.

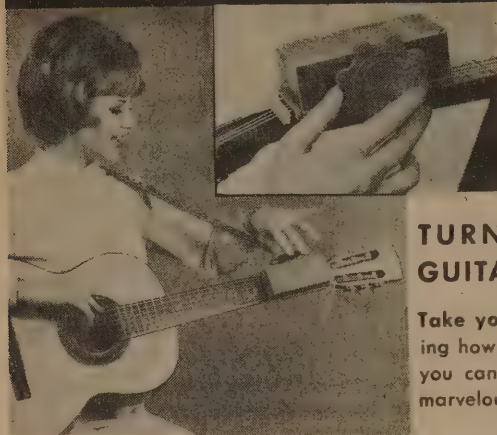
Entirely by himself he has mastered the guitar to a degree equalled by few, but along the way, in a life devoted to music, he has learned to play a few other instruments: bass, banjo, organ, bongo, timbales, 12-string guitar, mandolin, harmonica, kazoo, piano, harpsichord, etc. etc. He practiced guitar so ardently that, even as a little boy, his mother had to take it away from him so that he could go to bed.

Since his Greenwich Village debut two years ago, he has travelled and performed all over the country. His second RCA Victor Dynagroove album, "A Bagful of Soul," a "Turbulent Torrent" of rock, folk and blues tunes, was issued early in 1966. At the same time, he left for a two-week tour of England, Holland, Sweden and Denmark during which he made TV and other appearances. In February, he was to appear in Buenos Aires at the Mar Del Plata Festival.

Everywhere Jose goes he is accompanied by his faithful smooth-coated dog, three-year-old Trudy. Trudy, who was trained by the Leader Dog School in Rochester, Michigan, acts as her master's eyes because, as it happens, Jose has been blind since birth. □



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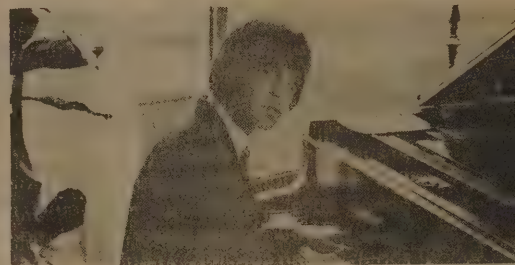
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# THE



### Briggs is the most electronic.

Meet The Remains - a group who are as much engineers as musicians, since today it's as vital to know how to play an amplifier as the guitar it's attached to.

"We're all producers," says their leader, Barry Tashian - and let some unsuspecting sound engineer tell them something they have in mind can't be done, and they'll go, find someone who can do it: When it comes to electronic rock and roll, the Remains are experts.

How did they get there? "By worrying, not sleeping....If we have a studio for nine hours, say, we'll only spend two hours actually playing. The rest is setting up."

"We want to use our instruments to their fullest capacities, like throwing the guitar into the mike, utilizing feedback. It's amazing what can happen when we get together. But we can't get carried away; sometimes we get like jazz, not rock and roll. The problem is being simple enough to please the audience. We want to reach people - but we know we have to do it in the most intelligent manner. You can get very confusing if you carry spontaneous music too far."

"Want to know how much we care about technicalities? We take out almost no money for ourselves - we're used to living on a dollar a day. But a couple of hundred dollars goes to the man who sets us up. We bring four 200-watt MacIntosh amplifiers with us everywhere we go. How many groups have you heard that you can't understand the words? Not us."

The Remains have just made the big move to New York from Boston. They're all living and rehearsing in one great big loft in the Village; "We want to keep an eye on each other so nobody goofs off and everybody works just as hard as possible." This determination is so intense that they were up rehearsing till 6 A.M. the morning of this interview. "It took five phone calls to get



# REMAINS They're after PERFECTION



**Barry once played in Europe.**

us here," they admitted, "we had to keep slapping each other around to stay awake."

The Remains have left Boston University - maybe temporarily, maybe permanently - and have committed themselves entirely to their musical career.

That name? "A girl thought it up for us," Barry says. We held a party for the purpose of finding a name for the group. We listened to about fifteen or twenty suggestions, 'The Extension Chords, The Wombats, The NeoSapiens' didn't get anything good. Then a nurse named Barbara started ticking off things like, 'The Spleens,' 'The Cadavers,' 'The Remains.' We got up the next day and said, Yeah."

How does life as a student differ from their new life as musicians? Briggs, who plays electric piano, laughs. "It's easier to stay in school. The hours are terrible now. The more we learn, the more serious we become about it, and the more we realize how much of our whole selves are in our work. It becomes 95% of your existence." The other five per cent? "Sleep."

Briggs is the most electronic - and most talkative - member of the group. ("He's like a TV set - with no commercials." "No educational programs, either"). He plays electric piano, electric organ, and non-electric harmonica. He's never had formal training in music. Likes motorcycles, and designing clothes.



**Vern is the real musician.**

Hates pop fashions - thinks they're gaudy and cheap.

Barry Tashian, Remains lead guitar and vocalist, has played guitar for years, gave guitar lessons, and once spent the summer playing and singing in European cafes and beaches. He wants "to make money, invest it, split and be a gypsy." He eventually hopes to produce records in Europe. He's produced - in this country - "The Lost," "The Hallucinations," "The Argonauts," and "The Mandrell Singers." Barry likes Marcello Mastroianni, hates people who are the opposite of Allen Ginsberg, and LOVES Rita Tushingham.

Chip Damiani, is The Remains' drummer. Before he became a Remain, he'd never touched a drum. He likes motorcycles, and he, too, is a gypsy of sorts.

Vern Miller, is the real musician in the crowd; his father and mother are both musicians and he's had formal training all his life. He plays trumpet, tuba, guitar, French horn and acoustic bass. With The Remains he's on electric bass. Vern is very likely the only guy you'll ever run into who can play trumpet concertos on the tuba.

The Remains' story so far? Their records have not been national hits. "Diddy Wah Diddy" sold best, although their friends liked the other, more creative side, better. But in spite of the fact



**Chip is a gypsy of sorts.**

that Remains' records haven't made a splash, they have appeared on the Ed Sullivan Show and Hullabaloo.

"If we had any false starts, it was our first Ed Sullivan show. We kind of goofed up. We figured the sound engineers would be experts. But nobody knows better than you. We weren't set up right at all - but we were afraid to stop and do it over. We thought they'd say, Oooh, you stopped; go home and forget it."

"The next time, at Hullabaloo, we took all the time and care we could. We set everything up ourselves. Half-way through the taping, we stopped and said, we'd like to do it over, it's not quite right. And we did."

"Speaking of goofs," how about the time we forgot to pick Vern up for a gig? We had two cars. One car left from one place, the other from another - each thinking the other had Vern. We got up to this school in Poultney, Vermont, met each other, and discovered our mistake. So we were sitting around stewing about it, when we got a phone call: Vern was in a plane, just about to land on the field right next to the school."

"We're lucky as far as this summer goes - we're booked solid for live performances. In fact, we got on TV through our concerts in New England." Trude Heller's and Ondine in Manhattan have also been on their schedule.

"We like music-type music, not beat-type music. We're in New York to be in the middle of the business, to get songs, to get good recording facilities, to make records - we've signed with Epic. We're trying to find an individual sound for ourselves and our instruments. In Boston we couldn't get together enough. We're going to live together, be together, and work as hard as we possibly can at our music. We can't fool around now. We really believe in perfection." □



**The Remains play at Ondines in New York. They have four-200 watt amplifiers and don't want to be confusing by carrying spontaneity too far.**



# THE EVER LOVIN' SPOONFUL

# In England



By Don Paulsen

The Lovin' Spoonful and two Beatles talk mostly music. It's almost midnight and everyone has just come from the Marquee where, a few hours ago, the Lovin' Spoonful made their impressive and dramatic London nightclub debut.

John Lennon is sitting on a couch in the Spoonful's hotel suite surrounded by Joe Butler, Steve Boone, Zal Yanovsky, English blues artist Spencer Davis and several other people. George Harrison and John Sebastian stand a few feet away. Someone remarks that the sound on the first Lovin' Spoonful album isn't as good as it could have been.

"Neither was ours" says Lennon. "With your first album the record company doesn't know how it's going to sell so they don't give you the best recording."

The Beatles have been recording all week and it's evident that they now have the best recording facilities available in England.

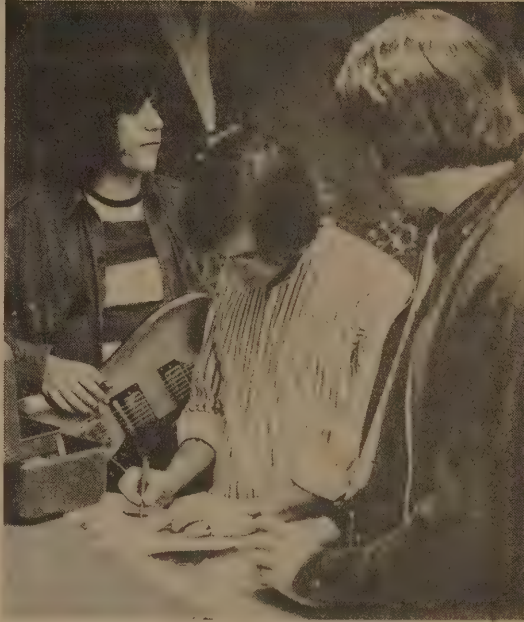
Lennon explains the rumors about the Beatles planning to record in The United States: "We just wanted to record a few songs in Nashville — mainly for our own use. We just wanted to see what kind of sound we could get. We've heard some things that were recorded there that we liked."

"But the story got blown up out of proportion" continued John, "And thanks to the American government we won't be able to do it at all."

Zal Yanovsky and George Harrison get into a discussion of the "organ guitar", a guitar that sounds like an organ.

"It's one of the white elephants of the music world!", exclaims Zal. "Everyone's heard about it but no one's actually seen one. Do they really work?" "Not too well." George tells him. "They haven't been perfected yet. You get guitar notes along with the organ notes. It's not a pure organ sound."

The conversation turns to movies. The Beatles still haven't selected a script for their next picture, they don't like anything that's been submitted and they don't know what they want, but know what they don't want — when they see it. Richard Lester who directed their first two films isn't available for the



**Above, Zal, John and Joe go over a song before the show. Right, they tell jokes on the jet to London and go to Blaizes where they wait-up a storm for fans.**



third. He's very much in demand these days.

John Lennon squashes rumors that he would write a script. "I mean, we've done 2 pictures but we still don't know the first thing about making a movie ourselves. Any ideas we have now would amount to about 3 minutes of film, that's all."

The talk continues, Zal clowns around and knocks a few things over, people drift in and out of the conversational circle. Around 2 A.M. as the two Beatles leave John Sebastian says, "We'll have to get together again when you're in New York."

Some of the people in the room (not the Spoonful) act as though a Great Man has just left their presence. "What can you say to Lennon that he hasn't heard time and time again?" they say, apologizing for their shallow contributions to the conversation. "He's been forced to meet so many people he doesn't want to meet."

"John Lennon is the most restrained intellectual in England," says a bearded man. Earlier in the evening the man, in an attempt to provoke a meaningful discussion, had asked Lennon, "What is the meaning of life?"

"That's a question that's best answered in the morning" said Erik Jacobsen.

Lennon, tired from a lengthy recording session, slumped in the couch and stared silently at the bearded man.

Then someone changed the subject.

The Lovin' Spoonful stay up a few hours after the Beatles' departure and talk of America and the Night Owl coffee house where their success began a year ago and all the places they've been since, culminating in the trip to London where they've become the toast of the town. And it hasn't gone to their heads at all.

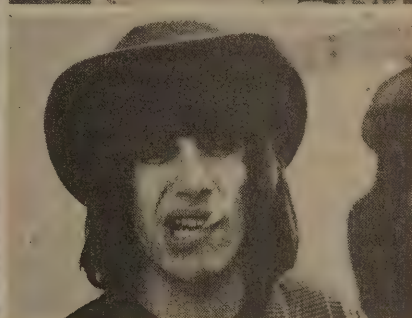
Even with all the money they're earning now the Spoonful often act like kids in a candy store. England was a big treat for them. Everyone bought clothes



# PART TWO



**Above, a crowd of English teenagers mob the Spoons' Rolls. Left, Brian Jones admires John's new suede jacket bought on Carnaby Street. Below, Steve Boone and Mick Jagger are still blabbing about something or other. Further below, Zal wisenheimer.**



on Carnaby Street. John picked a couple of classy suede leather jackets, Steve added to his collection of stylish boots, Zal bought all sorts of colorful mod gear and Joe went to Granny Takes A Trip, a store that sells authentic antique clothes, and got a long black undertaker's coat.

"We're really not aware of spending money over here", explained Joe, "because English currency is so different from ours. It's like we were spending play money in a Monopoly game."

Tuesday evening the Lovin' Spoonful go to Blaizes, a warm, smokey low-ceilinged club in the basement of a hotel. They tune their guitars in an upstairs room then descend into the club, packed to the walls with people who had seen them the previous night at the Marquee, people who'd heard about what happened the previous night, people who'd seen them on "Ready, Steady, Go!", just plain people out for an evening of fun and music, members of the press,

musicians and many others far too numerous to mention. The place was really crowded.

After a frantic, fool-stomping set, their third and last London in person appearance of this trip, four heavily perspiring young men return to their dressing room.

Someone knocks on the door, it opens and the blond head of Brian Jones appears. The Rolling Stone enters, talks to the Spoonful and invites them to a party. John leaves with Brian. Zal, Joe and Steve go downstairs for dinner with the owner of the club.

A procession of waitresses, like harem girls, bring food into the dining room. Large, slowly revolving overhead fans beat the warm air down, to the floor.

An hour and a half later we all arrive at a house with a Rolls Royce parked outside. "That's Brian's" says the Spoonful's English Chauffeur. "He likes to drive it himself."

Inside, Brian sits on the floor playing

a large Indian sitar, occasionally sipping milk right out of the bottle. John Sebastian on the sofa plays an acoustic guitar. Someone seated behind Brian is playing a dulcimer. The three musicians improvise and John takes the lead with a Fred Neil blues song. Zal examines the sitar with great delight.

More guests arrive and the musicians go upstairs to play in private.

The front door opens frequently with a new load of arriving guests...mostly young Mods, young musicians and young phonies. It seems like two separate parties are going on simultaneously. Upstairs, the Spoonful, Brian and the musicians have a jam session. Downstairs the Mods make their own scene.

A darling young girl wearing a white John Lennon cap and a skirt 6 inches above her knees strolls across the room at the downstairs party and asks a girl, "Are you good at lying?"

The girl blinks, somewhat astounded.

"I promised my mother I'd be home



# THE EVER LOVIN' SPOONFUL

{Continued from last page}



**When in England do as the British do. Zal and Joe pause for a cuppa.**

early tonight," explains the darling. "Will you please call and tell her you're a girlfriend of mine and that I'm staying at your house tonight?"

The girl refuses.

"I'll call your mum" says a boy. He and girl in the white cap go off looking for a phone.

Other people sit reading Marvel comics, Superman, Batman, Little Lulu -- all the old favorites.

The Spoonful comes downstairs around 3 A.M. and return to their hotel.

At ten the next morning four telephones ring with wake up calls for four sleepy young men. Reluctantly they fall out of their beds, throw clothes into suitcases and crawl into their limousine parked outside the hotel. The Lovin' Spoonful and their entourage have to go to Sweden for a TV show.

Whenever they're on tour, particularly this far from home, a top group like the Spoonful is accompanied by several important people. Their manager Bob Cavallo decides where and when they work, he makes sure working conditions are acceptable and, in general, he supervises everything. Rich "Toad" Chiaro, road manager, handles the finances, makes sure the instruments are set up properly, makes minor repairs in the equipment and copes with dozens of unforeseen problems.

With the Spoonful on this tour is Terry,

a young English lad who unloads, sets up, takes down and loads all their amplifiers and guitars and drums and the organ. He drives the equipment truck and sometimes acts as a guide around town after hours. Tom, the driver of the limousine, takes the Spoonful everywhere they have to go. At night he also shows them around town. Both Terry and Tom have performed these services for the Rolling Stones, The Yardbirds, Bob Dylan, the Spencer Davis Group and many other English and visiting American groups.

Various publicity people from PYE, the Spoonful's English record distributor, are present from time to time.

The Spoonful gets to the airport just as their plane is about to taxi onto the runway. The plane stops, they get on, and soon they're in the clouds.

It's snowing when the Spoonful arrives in Sweden, but most of it melts the following day. They do a half hour TV show, which takes all afternoon to tape.

"There was a fantastic group on the show with us called The Hep Stars. They have a #1 record in Sweden called "Sunny Girl" which, if it ever gets to America, could be a giant hit," John says.

On a rainy Friday the Spoonful rush from the London airport to the "Ready Steady Go!" studios to rehearse for a live telecast that night.

During a break John and I cry on each other's shoulders.

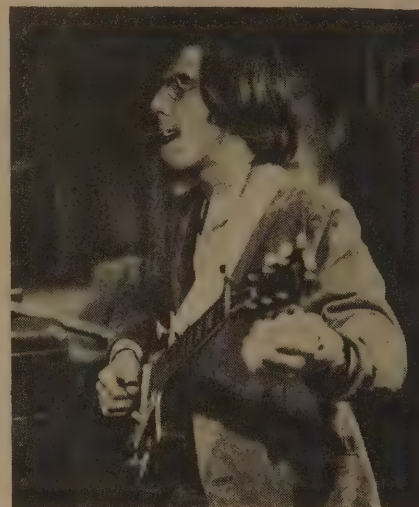
"I wanna go home and have Lorey feed me!" says John. "I love to eat and that's a big problem here in London. I always end up eating Wimpy burgers - which are really the lowest. They're lower than 15¢ burgers, lower than anything I've ever eaten.

"They have things like pork pies so I thought maybe the solution is to go with the natives. I tried one and it ended up sitting in my stomach all afternoon in a gelatinous mass.

"The weather is really grim. It all seems like a dreary drizzly nightmare, almost.

"Then again there is certainly nothing dreamlike about the English press. They are some of the most realistic people I've ever met. Nobody asked me questions like 'what's my favorite color'. Everyone who interviewed me knew

**Above our heroes slay an audience with "Night Owl Blues." Below, John tunes up for "C"**



about the first album and knew all the tunes. That's really refreshing. The American press on the whole is concerned with too many trite matters."

Paul Jones, lead vocalist with Manfred Mann, visits the Spoonful's dressing room. Later, during the live broadcast of RSG there are a few spare minutes in the schedule so John and Paul chat with hostess Cathy McGowan.

After the show the Spoonful is mobbed by autograph seekers outside the studios. They return to their hotel and go straight to bed - except Zal who stays up a while to watch The American Western "Shenandoah" on British TV.

Saturday everyone goes to Ireland where the Lovin' Spoonful plays at a "Party in honor of the Honourable Tara Browne on his 21st birthday at Lugalla in County Wicklow (outside of Dublin), the country residence of his parents, Lord Oranmore and Browne, and Oonagh (Guinness), Lady Oranmore and Browne." Mick Jagger, Keith Richard and Brian Jones are there too.

It's a beautiful day, the Spoonful sees the sun for the first time in days, the people are friendly -- but on Monday the Lovin' Spoonful has to return to New York.

It was a very successful tour and both the people in Europe and the Lovin' Spoonful look forward to another one this fall. □



# The Feminine Side of Petula Clark

Most people only see one side of Petula Clark - the world's top female record artist side. But there are four people who see her in a different light - her husband Claud Wolff, her children Barbara and Katie, and their nurse, know the tiny blonde songstress as a wife and mother.

Though her travels take her all over Europe and North America, Pet rarely leaves her French home for long without her family. "Claud quit his job with a public relations firm when we were married, to be my manager. That way, we've always been together.

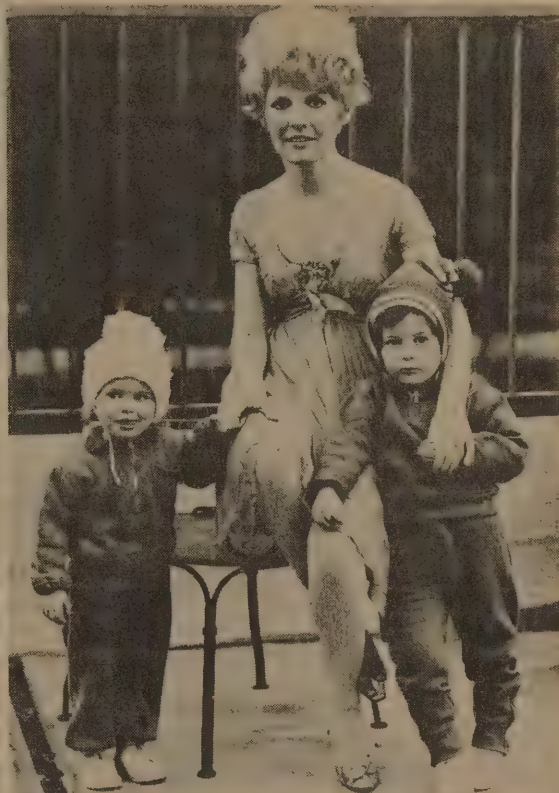
"The children are 3 and 4, so there's no conflict with school yet," Pet explained with her daughters sitting to either side, fighting over a feather in her hand. "And like any mother, I hate to be separated from them for long periods of time. So, unless it's only for a few nights, we all pack up and go!"

The problems of traveling with two youngsters are taken care of by a young English nursemaid, who Pet says, "is of infinite help to me. I try to spend a lot of time watching the children, but it's such a comfort to have someone I trust to look after them while I'm working.

"Of course I let them watch me sing occasionally, but not too often," she continued, as the twosome slipped off the couch and began playful wrestling on the rug. "I don't want them to turn into stage children. You know, hanging around every backstage in the world and being immersed in show business.

"I want them to grow up as normally as possible," she commented resolutely. "Their childhood will naturally be somewhat different, but I'm going to try my hardest to keep them from being too sophisticated, at too young an age."

Pet's been a star since early radio appearances before she was ten. Will she encourage her daughters to begin in show business early? "Certainly not!" she exclaimed vehemently. "I won't even discuss it with them until they've finished their schooling. Then, if they really want to try their hands in the business, then I'll encourage and help them all I can. But they must have that certain something, that drive to be successful. You can't just sit back and hope that you'll do well - you have to get out and work. If they have talent and drive and perseverance, then fine - all the best to them!"



**Above, Pet in a scene from the "T.N.T." movie, but her most difficult role is being a mother to daughters Katie & Barbara. "I don't want them to become sophisticated too early in life!"**



Though the two girls are fairly sheltered from the hustle and bustle of the entertainment world, they are conscious of their mother's place in that world. As Pet relates, "The other day I overheard Barbara, the older, telling Katie that 'Petula Clark, on the jacket of this album is our Mother!' I don't know if Katie quite grasped the idea, but Baba, as we call her, was very impressed.

"Sometimes they like to listen to my records, but usually, they prefer American folk music and some rock and roll. Of course they love to sing, too. Come on girls." And the three broke into

assorted French nursery rhymes. When they were through and had been duly applauded for their efforts, "Mama" resumed.

"A funny thing has been happening recently. I have a record in France that ends with the English words, 'ice cream soda - oh yah!' I've noticed that every time one of the girls hears 'ice cream soda' here in America, she follows it with 'oh yah!' And, of course, no one here has any idea what she's talking about!"

All too soon, for the children, it was nap time, and Pet excused herself to take over her all-important duties as "Mother." □



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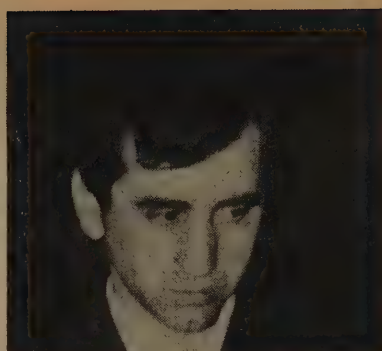
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JOE LONG



TOMMY DE VITO



What has 8 legs, long hair, a million-selling record and fades out of sight within a year?

**ANSWER:** The average rock and roll singing group.

Remember Freddy & The Dreamers? The Moody Blues? Ronnie & The Daytonas? Diane Renay? Roy Head? Gerry & The Pacemakers? A year or two ago they were all famous people.

Going back just a few months, have you heard your favorite d.j. play anything by Barry Sadler, the Toys or Sam The Sham lately?

Not many performers or groups have what it takes to be a consistent success. Just the other day we had the pleasure of talking to a rarity in the pop music world...a group that's had hit-after-hit, for almost five years...the Four Seasons.

"Making it is not the hardest thing in the world," say the Four Seasons. "You can become very 'lucky' and get a hit record. Somebody with a combination of a good producer, good material and a little effort, can make great records. But making it is nothing. You have to stay there."

How does a group stay on top?

Hard work never does any harm. It's nice to have a little talent. You should keep improving and even take a few calculated risks.

Like, right in the middle of a successful career, the Four Seasons just got a

**\* The**



new manager, Fred Weintraub, owner of the Bitter End in Greenwich Village, a man who helped talent like Peter, Paul & Mary, Bill Cosby, the Serendipity Singers, Woody Allen and lots more. The Seasons are the first really big-established group Fred has worked with, and the first rock and rollers.

Fred feels that "all the big talent of the future will come from the rock and roll area. The Four Seasons will be the forerunners of what's going to be the biggest thing in the business. There's a lot of talent in these four guys. They, the Supremes and maybe three or four other rock and roll groups, will become standards...like Sinatra and Tony Bennett. They'll be great performers who will develop for years and years."

The Seasons haven't been overwhelmed by their present success. They realize they can still grow. Under Fred's guidance they're discovering and developing new abilities in themselves.

"Most people think a pop music group has a very limited talent," say the Seasons. "When groups do TV appearances they usually do their latest re-

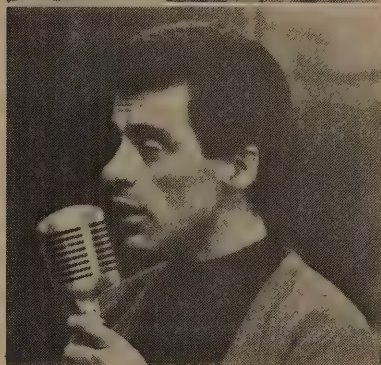
**\* The Group**



# FOUR SEASONS



BOB GAUDIO



FRANKIE VALLI

cord or their past hits. They rarely get a chance to show they can do other things as well.

"When we play colleges, we do a little variety show. We do comedy, standard tunes, folk music. The kids are amazed."

In addition, the Seasons don't neglect the songs that made them famous. They still sing "Sherry," "Big Girls Don't Cry," "Rag Doll," "Walk Like A Man," "Dawn (Go Away)," and all the hits, right up to their current chart-topper.

"To some people, singing the same songs over and over again can be a bore, but each audience is new to us. Most of them have never seen us before so we feel like we're doing the song for the first time. It's kinda groovy."

Every time a group has a hit, the pressure is on to equal or better it with their next record. The Season's list keeps growing.

"We're constantly looking for new ideas. Bob Gaudio has written almost everything we've recorded and when he hasn't been able to come up with something, we've been fortunate in find-

ing someone who could.

"We try to make each record different than the one before. Like in 'Opus 17' we used the background voices louder than we ever have before...and we used a bigger band...more saxophones.

"But we always try to record things that we can duplicate in-person. Sometimes the people who record us have different ideas...it's a tug of war kind of thing. But with Bobby playing the organ we can recreate a lot of different sounds in-person."

The Four Seasons were one of the first groups to provide their own musical accompaniment - long before the Beatles started that trend.

"But for about a year-and-a half we made a big mistake. We didn't take our instruments with us because it was too much of a hang-up. Before that, when we were the Four Lovers, we played instruments all the time.

"Now we find that it saves a lot of time. We don't have to rehearse with back-up groups any more. And we can work up new ideas a lot easier."

The Seasons have their own drummer on tour with them now. They'd

like to add a few more instruments... another guitarist and some horns. "We want to put a complete review together so whenever we work nightclubs, we can bring our own band with us.

"When we worked clubs in the beginning we did 5 or 6 sets a night. Now we only do 2 shows...3 at the most."

Not so incidentally, the pay is a lot better these days.

The Four Seasons have made a complete circuit from nightclubs to concert halls back to nightclubs. But for these four groovy guys it doesn't matter where they appear.

"Whether the room is big or small, if you perform and give your all, it'll come off."

It's certainly come across for the last four years.

The kids who were digging the Four Seasons in the beginning are in college now so they go over real big in the college concerts, (that's what they've been doing for the last 8 months). Those college kids are the reason why the Seasons sell more and more albums each year.

And they are thousands of new fans buying all those new singles...and all those people going to the nightclubs and...

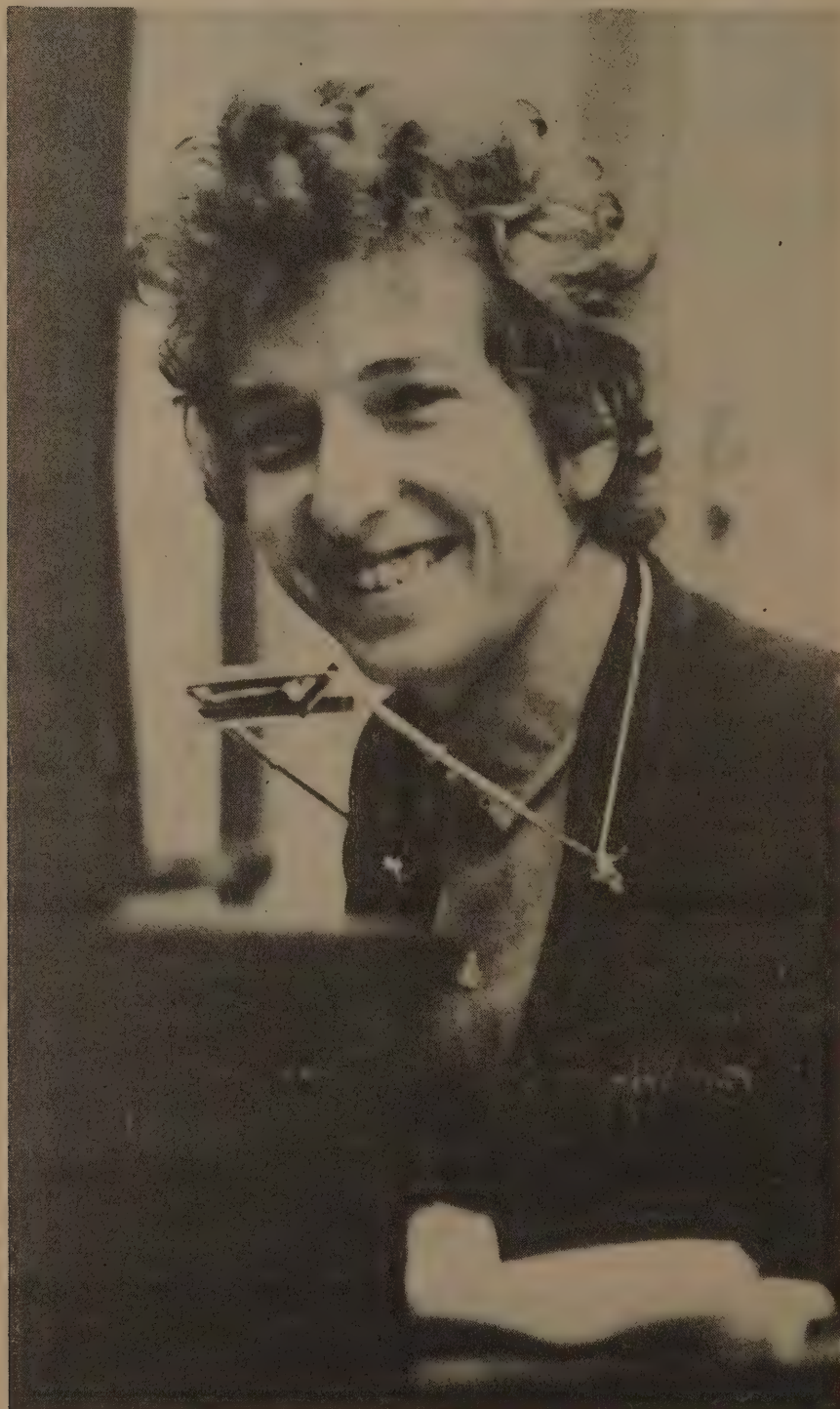
Well, we doubt if anyone will ever have to ask "whatever happened to the Four Seasons?" □

# Of The Future



# BOB DYLAN in Nashville

by Charlie McCoy



When Dylan first came into Nashville, I already knew him from New York where I played on his "Highway 61" album. I already knew what he was like but the Nashville guys were wondering what everything was gonna be like. When he first came in he had his manager, Al Grossman, and his organ player, Al Kooper. Everybody was introduced and he asked us if we'd mind waiting a while. They had stopped at an airport in Richmond, and he didn't have a chance to finish his material. He asked us if we'd mind waiting a minute while he worked on a song.

So we all went out and let him have the studio to himself. He ended up staying in there working on that song for six hours. He sat at one table and never got up for six hours and worked on that one song. He finally told us to come in and we cut it. It turned out to be 14 minutes long. The name of the song was "Sad Eyed Lady Of The Low Lands." It was a great song.

The whole session followed a pattern like that. We'd go outside for a long time while he worked on a song, then we'd come back and record it.

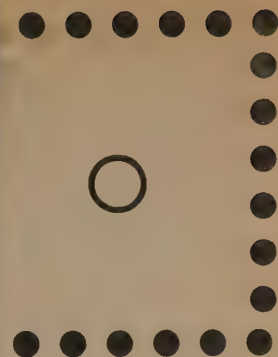
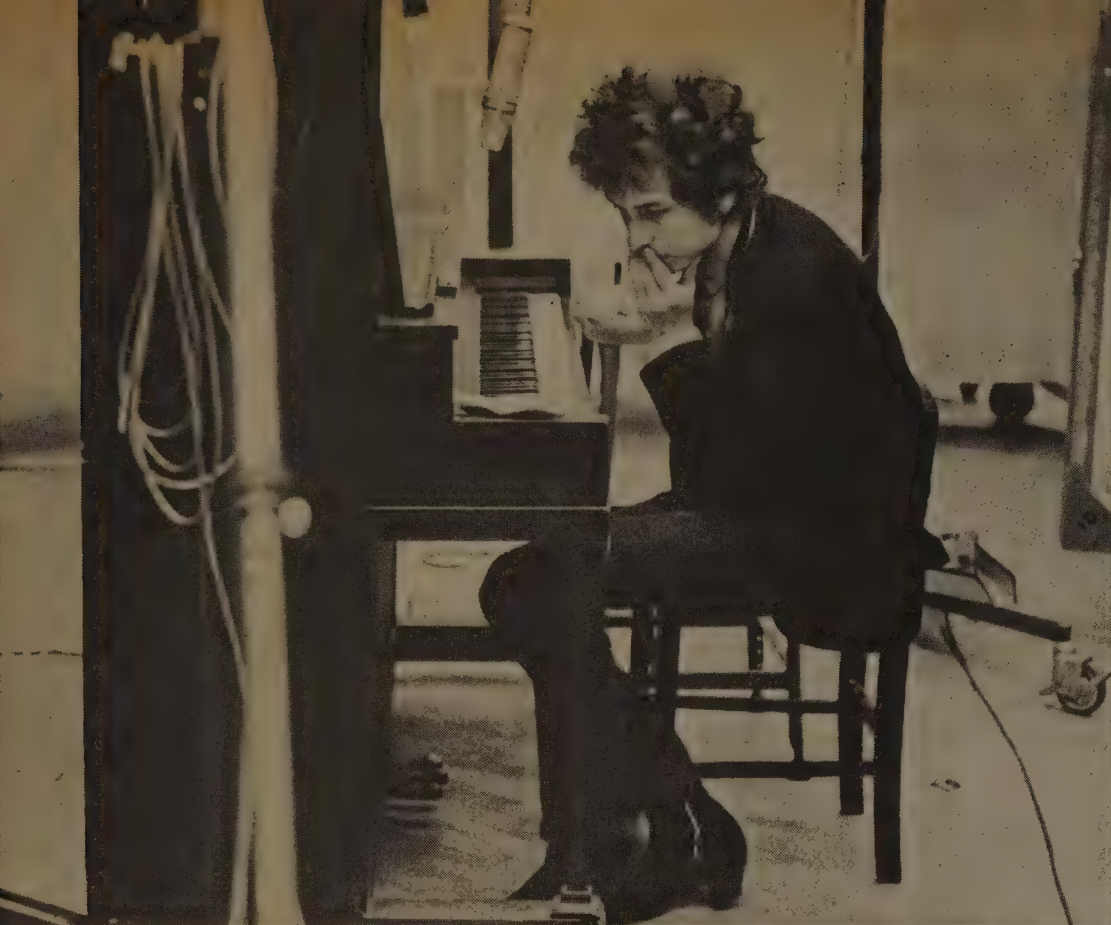
I don't believe I've ever seen anybody that had so much concentration and is so serious. When Dylan is in the studio, everything is strictly business. But it's a lot of fun too, because he's very open-minded and he takes suggestions from everybody. He has a definite idea of what he wants before he comes in there and he works real hard till he gets it.

Al Kooper played organ and several Nashville people who played were Kenneth Butrey, drummer; Henry Straleki played bass; Joe South played guitar; Wayne Moss played guitar; Mack Gayden played guitar; Hargus (Pig) Robbins played piano.



Above, smiles for a rainy day woman. Right, Pig the pianist.





Left, Bob kicked everybody out of the studio to work all by himself on songs. See how pensive he is? Actually, he's balancing budget for Gabby Hayes fan club. Below, Charlie McCoy's band. L. to R., Wayne Butler, Jerry Tuttle, Ken Buttrey, Charlie Mac Gayden.

The second time Dylan came in he brought his own guitar player with him - Robby Robertson - who by the way is one of the best blues guitar players I've ever heard in my life. He's from Toronto.

The first time we did about 6 sides over a period of 3 days. The next time he came in, we did 6 or 7 more. Some of the things were very long and they said at Columbia it was so good they were going to put out a double record album.

Dylan also came in with Bob Johnston, who is his producer and he's worked with people like Simon & Garfunkel, The Pozo Seco Singers whom he's recorded in Nashville, and Patti Page. He's got about four things he's produced in the top 100 now. He's probably the hottest A&R man in the business.

Johnston had been around Nashville before he went to New York. When he went to New York, he talked Dylan's ear off and finally got him to come to Nashville.

A lot of people have weird feelings about coming to Nashville because we have a reputation as being a country recording center. But Dylan made the statement after he finished that he'd probably cut everything he did down here from now on. That made us feel real happy and it also shows we cut a lot more than country things here.

The night we cut "Rainy Day Women"



Dylan said he wanted to get kind of a salvation army sound so they asked me if I could find a slide trombone player. I said, "yeah I've got one in my band, Wayne Butler." So I called him and asked him if he could be over to the studio by midnight. He came over and 17 minutes after we sent him home because we finished the thing. Actually, what had happened, we did it in one take and it was so great we let it stay the way it was.

The overall view of Dylan from all the Nashville musicians was, we were very impressed. He was one of the hardest working people we ever saw. He knows exactly what he wants, comes in and he gets it. He's great to work with, a lot of fun, he's open-minded and accepts all suggestions. I'd also like to say, I got to play harp on one song with him and it was probably one of the great achievements of my life. □



## •WITH A GIRL LIKE YOU

(As recorded by the Troggs/Atco)

**REG PRESLEY**

I want to spend my life with a girl  
like you  
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba  
And do all the things that you want me to  
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba  
Til that time has come that we might  
live as one  
Can I dance with you.

I tell by the way you dress that you're  
so refined  
And by the way you talk that you're  
just my kind  
Girl, why should it be that you don't  
notice me.

I so before this dance has reached the  
end  
To you across the floor my love I'll send  
Just hope and pray that I'll find a way  
to say  
Ba ba ba ba ba ba  
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba  
Ba ba ba ba I  
Ba ba ba ba, baby, baby.

Is there no chance I can take you for  
the last dance  
All night long, yeah, I've been waiting  
Now there'll be no hesitating  
Ba ba ba ba ba  
Ba ba ba ba  
Ba ba ba ba ba.

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## •WARM AND TENDER LOVE

(As recorded by Percy Sledge/  
Atlantic)

**ROBINSON**

Let me wrap you in my warm and  
tender love, yeah  
Let me wrap you in my warm and  
tender love  
Oh I loved you for a long, long time  
Darling, please say you'll be mine  
And let me wrap you in my warm and  
tender love.

Let me wrap you in my warm and  
tender love, yeah  
Let me wrap you in my warm and tender  
love  
You're so lovely, you're oh so fine

## •I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE

(As recorded by Petula Clark/  
Warner Bros.)

**HATCH**

**TRENT**

You're the only one that I rely on  
A shoulder there for me to cry on  
And the hours alone that I'm without  
you

All I ever do is think about you  
No one knows that you're so under-  
standing  
Even though my love is so demanding  
Every time you look at me  
Then you know we'll both agree  
That no other love could be.

I couldn't live without your love  
Now I know you're really mine  
Gotta have you all the time.

Didn't like you much when I first  
met you  
But somehow I couldn't quite forget  
you

Come on and please me with your touch  
And let me wrap you in my warm and  
tender love.

For I loved you for a long, long time  
Darling, please say you'll be mine  
And let me wrap you in my warm and  
tender love

I said it'll be alright if you just let me,  
Let me wrap you in my warm and  
tender love

Oh baby, come on and let me  
Let me wrap you in my warm and  
tender love

I said it'll be alright if you just let me  
wrap you in my warm and tender love.

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Said you didn't want a friend or lover  
That your life was happy with another  
But as time went by my love grew  
stronger

Knew that I just couldn't wait any longer  
For I couldn't let you go, when I had  
to tell you so that I love you, then  
you'd know.

I couldn't live without your love  
Now I know you're really mine  
I gotta have you all the time.

Now the tears are gone  
And I'm not crying  
When you say you love me you're  
not lying

So when people want to stare  
I know I don't really care just as  
long as you are there.

I couldn't live without your love  
Now I know you're really mine  
Gotta have you all the time.

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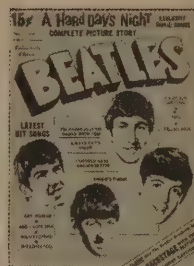
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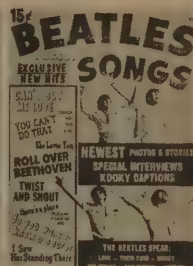
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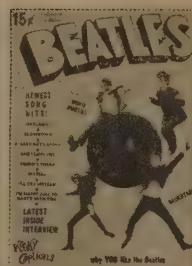
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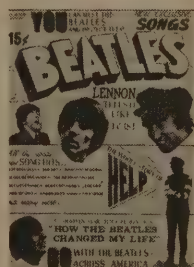
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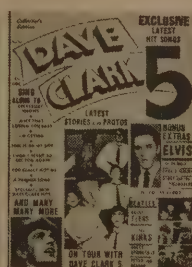
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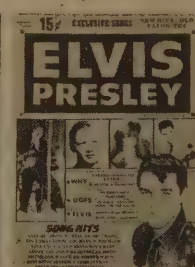
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DAVE CLARK #2



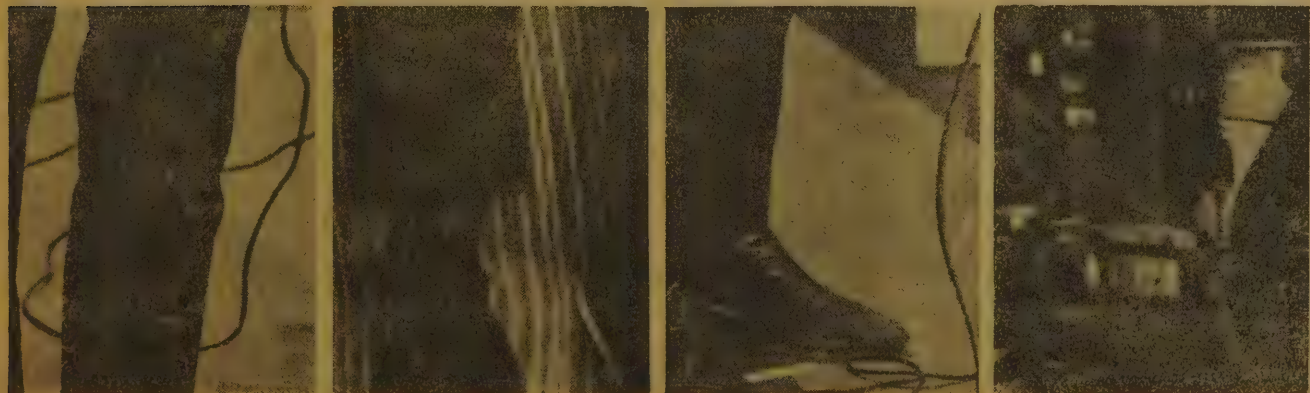
ELVIS PRESLEY





ON THE NEXT 15 PAGES WE PRESENT A SPECIAL REPORT ON THE MOST FANTASTIC  
MUSICAL GROUP OF OUR TIME...HIT PARADER TAKES YOU INSIDE THE SURREALIST  
WORLD OF...

# THE BEATLES





report #1

by Chris Hutchins:  
British Reporter...Eye Witness  
"THE HISTORIC 1965 U.S. TOUR"

# WILL IT BE

## THE BEATLES

The most spectacular concert in American history! An invitation to a party from Frank Sinatra! Royalty treatment from civil authorities! And a police force that cordoned-off a square mile of New York City!

These are just a few of the thrills the Beatles encountered during their first four days of the 1965 historic American tour.

During those four days John, Paul, George and Ringo were the sole occupants of the 33rd floor of New York's Warwick Hotel.

To get within half a mile of the hotel you had to prove to police at specially erected barriers that you were either staying there or visiting another building nearby. Even the hotel's employees had to show a Beatle pass to get to work!

At the Warwick itself there were guards in the lobby, riding in the elevators and on Floor 33.

But the same security which kept the fans out also kept the Beatles in!

On the night we arrived the Beatles had to cancel a plan to go to the Copacabana and see the Supremes!

The Beatles also had to say "no" to an invitation from Frank Sinatra to a late-night dinner party.

"We would love to go," said George Harrison, "but the police won't give permission for anything. We would cause a lot of chaos if we went out."

Sinatra's representative was sent on his way with word that the Beatles would be pleased to entertain him in their suite if he'd care to visit.

But he didn't care: The Supremes, Del Shannon and Bob Dylan were the only callers that night.

Another star disappointed earlier in the day was Paul Anka. He arrived to wish the Beatles well but was unable to get to Floor 33.

On Saturday the Beatles were sprung from their hotel by a pre-prepared plan and driven through the streets of New

York with a heavy police escort to the CBS studios to film their appearance for the "Ed Sullivan Show." The journey was not a difficult one; all traffic had been stopped minutes beforehand on the route!

At the show they renewed their friendship with Sullivan who welcomed them back to America, and then got down to rehearsals.

John said later: "We have never worked so hard before in our lives. They couldn't get the sound balanced, and by 6 o'clock we were ready to give it in and go home!"

For four hours we sat in the studio audience with Cilla Black (who was also on the TV show), while the Beatles went over and over their numbers as engineers fiddled with the controls.

After it, they went back to their 33rd floor prison!

We travelled to Shea Stadium on Sunday night with Mick Jagger, Keith Richards and Andrew Oldham after spending the day with them on board the luxury yacht Princess, which belongs to the Stones' American lawyer Alan Klein.

During the day we talked with the Beatles over the yacht's radio telephone and Mick spoke to George Harrison about plans for that evening. At that stage the Beatles were anxious to come aboard the yacht after their show, but police security later prevented it.

George was talking through the hotel switchboard but during the conversation he gave us the hush-hush number of a private line to their suite. He didn't realize, however, that he was speaking to us on



This report takes place at Shea Stadium in New York where the Beatles played to the largest audience ever conjured up. The 1965 tour alone made almost \$1,000,000 profit for the Beatles. This year in Japan, there were so many requests for tickets they had to be raffled off.



# THE SAME IN "66"?

a radio telephone with something like two thousand other vessels in the Hudson River basin tuned in! Needless to say that secret number was jammed for the rest of our stay in New York.

After the call and as we lazed in the sunshine, Mick told me: "I don't envy those Beatles. Look how much freedom we have and they're locked up in their hotel bedrooms without being able to take a car ride, let alone do something like us."

Then he played Bob Dylan's latest single "pressed secretly for us eager maniacs" and danced on deck in the extrovert style that identifies him on stage.

We found that a radio station had monitored the call and broadcast the Stone's plans to land at a berth near the stadium. We had to run ashore and jump into a waiting car, which took our small party through an entrance at the side of the stadium.

On our way in we were able to gaze amazed at the 56,000 ticket holders, stacked in tiers from the open side of the horseshoe-shaped stadium.

"It's frightening," exclaimed Jagger.

"It's deafening," retorted Richard. The roar of the crowd already enjoying the show was like a dozen jets taking off.

Without any doubt it was the greatest, most awe-inspiring sight any of us had ever witnessed.

We were rushed in through the artists' entrance and met the Beatles, standing ready to go on stage.

"It's the famous Stones!" yelled John Lennon.

"Who are all these people?" yelled a harassed cop.

"They're the same as Beatles," roared Lennon.

The cop bawled back: "Nobody can stand in the aisle. There's a fire regulation."

"Then put it out," quipped George.

The cop gave in just as the Beatles were called on stage. They had to run across the baseball diamond to the rostrum in the centre. And as they did 56,000 fans went hysterical!

We knew beforehand that this had to be the Beatles' greatest concert with an audience like that.

But nobody could have foreseen the pandemonium unleashed as the four went through hit after hit, building the fevered excitement with each number.

The crowd roared approval as Lennon played an organ with his elbow in "I'm Down." And many fans broke through the 2,000 strong police cordon around the edge of the baseball diamond only to be brought down in rugby tackles by a new line of guards nearer the stage.

It was an unbelievable experience. But

it also was a great relief when it all ended. There was a great tension—not only from the brilliance of the Beatles, but from the feeling of apprehension of what could happen if the crowd got out of control.

But it was all's well that ends well. Said George to me in the hotel afterwards: "It was terrifying at first when we saw the crowd. But I don't think I have ever felt so exhilarated in my life. It was unbelievable that so many people wanted to see us. Even though we are used to big crowds, this surprised us."

John added: "It would have been better still if we could have heard what we were playing. I wasn't sure what key I was in in two numbers. It was ridiculous!"

Paul said: "Fantastic! Wonder if we'll ever be able to do it again?"

Ringo nodded, but said nothing. □



While in New York last year, the Beatles took time out to tape a sequence for the Ed Sullivan show.



## •IF I NEEDED SOMEONE

(As recorded by the Beatles/Capitol)  
GEORGE HARRISON

If I needed someone to love  
You're the one that I'd be thinking of  
If I needed someone  
If I had some more time to spend

Then I guess I'd be with you my friend  
If I needed someone.

Had you come some other day  
Then it might not have been like this  
But you see now I'm too much in love  
Carve your number on my wall  
And maybe you will get a call from me  
If I needed someone.

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# NEW!

## •DOCTOR ROBERT

(As recorded by the Beatles/Capitol)  
JOHN LENNON  
PAUL McCARTNEY

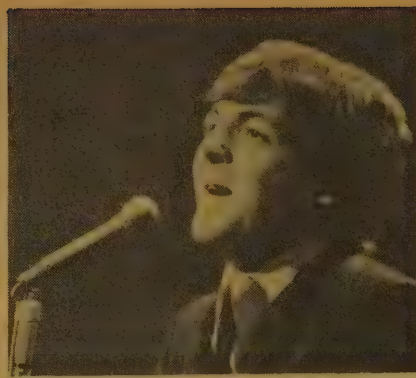
Ring my friend I said you'd call Doctor Robert  
Day or night he'll be there anytime at all  
Doctor Robert, Doctor Robert  
You're a new and better man  
He helps you to understand  
He does everything he can, Doctor Robert.

If you are down he'll pick you up Doctor Robert  
Take a drink from his special cup  
Doctor Robert, Doctor Robert  
He's a man you must believe  
Helping everyone in need  
No one can succeed, like Doctor Robert.

My friend works with the national health,  
Doctor Robert  
Don't pay money just to see yourself  
with Doctor Robert, Doctor Robert  
You're a new and better man  
He helps you to understand  
He does everything he can, Doctor Robert.

Well, well, well, you're feeling fine  
Well, well, well, he'll make you  
Doctor Robert.

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## •DRIVE MY CAR

(As recorded by the Beatles/Capitol)  
JOHN LENNON  
PAUL McCARTNEY

Asked a girl what she wanted to be  
She said, baby, can't you see  
I wanna be famous, a star of the screen.  
But you can do something in between.

Baby, you can drive my car  
Yes, I'm gonna be a star  
Baby, you can drive my car  
And maybe I'll love you.

I told that girl that my prospects were good  
She said, baby, it's understood  
Working for peanuts is all very fine  
But I can show you a better time.

Baby, you can drive my car  
Yes, I'm gonna be a star  
Baby, you can drive my car  
And maybe I'll love you.

Beep beep Mm beep beep, yeh  
Baby, you can drive my car  
Yes, I'm gonna be a star  
Baby, you can drive my car  
And maybe I'll love you.

I told that girl I could start right away  
And she said, "Listen, Babe, I've got something to say;  
Got no car, and it's breaking my heart  
But I've found a driver, that's a start."  
(Repeat Chorus)

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## •AND YOUR BIRD CAN SING

(As recorded by the Beatles/Capitol)  
JOHN LENNON  
PAUL McCARTNEY

You tell me that you've got everything you want  
And your bird can sing but you don't get me  
You don't get me  
When your prized possessions start to wear you down  
Look in my direction, I'll be round I'll be round.

You say you've seen seven wonders  
And your bird is green but you can't see me you can't see me  
When your bird is broken  
Will it bring you down?  
You may be awoken I'll be round I'll be round.

Tell me that you've heard every sound there is  
And your bird can sing but you can't hear me, you can't hear me.

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# HITS!

## •I'M ONLY SLEEPING

(As recorded by the Beatles/Capitol)  
JOHN LENNON  
PAUL McCARTNEY

When I wake up early in the morning  
Lift my head I'm still yawning  
When I'm in the middle of a dream  
Stay in bed, float up stream  
Please don't wake me, no don't shake me  
I'm only sleeping.

Ev'rybody seems to think I'm lazy  
I don't mind, I think they're crazy  
Running ev'rywhere at such a speed  
Till they find there's no need  
Please don't spoil my day  
I'm miles away and after all  
I'm only sleeping.

Keeping an eye on the world going by  
My window taking my time  
Lying there and staring at the ceiling  
Waiting for a sleepy feeling  
Please don't spoil my day  
I'm miles away and after all  
I'm only sleeping.

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report #2

by George Harrison:  
Beatle...

"WE'RE JUST PEOPLE"

# THE BEATLES

It may seem funny to some people that earlier this year we Beatles hadn't planned a single date in our 1966 diary. Not one job of work was fixed. It's about the first time I can remember since we first started that we couldn't say "we've got to play at such-and-such a place on that date."

Mind you, we knew that in about two months we had to make another record and we knew that some time this year there'd be another film to do and concerts. As you may have read, we're not going to do "A Talent For Loving" now.

It looks as though we'll do a Western just the same. The fellow who started to script "Talent For Loving" is working on a completely different story and that'll probably be it. Beatle Film No. 3 is what we call it now.

But the other day Paul was talking to our director, Dick Lester, who, incidentally, may not be able to do our next picture, and he said that even if the script was ready – which it isn't – we couldn't start until later this summer for a release about November.

I'm getting tape recorders – like Johnny and Paul have – fixed up into a sort of home studio. They can over-dub vocal and

instrumental tracks so that when they get an idea for a song they can make a demo record by themselves. I want to do the same.

You couldn't say I was lonely (George hadn't married Patti when he wrote this), either. I've got this lady who comes in six days a week and keeps the place clean and shops for ciggies and food. She also cooks for me but I'm quite capable of getting myself a bit of grub – as long as it's nothing more complicated than a steak.

Matter of fact, I rang John up the other day to say I had this great lump of meat and would he like to come help me eat it. But he said he was just about to ring me because they had this big duck which was too much for them to manage alone.

He ended up eating his duck, and me the lump of meat and I went round there afterwards.

Matter of fact John, Ringo, and I are always popping into each other's now that we all live close together. And we all go out together quite a lot. The three of us (Paul was in Liverpool) went to Mick Jagger's party last Saturday night. Pity Brian Jones wasn't there. I like him.

If we don't all meet we usually speak to each other at least once a day on the phone.

I go home to Liverpool about once a month now to see relatives and friends. We're still getting things for the house I bought my parents, so that takes up some of the time.

As a matter of fact, I'm still getting

things for my house, too. I bought a few paintings at a gallery in Bond Street the other day. Nothing priceless though. The dearest one was \$50.00.

Haven't sold my Aston Martin yet. I never drive it now. With the new speed limit I'd never get it out of second gear! I use the Mini. We've all got Mini Coopers on order with millions of extras like electrically-operated windows and such.

John's decided to keep his Ferrari. He's having it painted all black like his Rolls, which is away at the moment having things done to it. At the party the other night he said something about having the back seats converted into a bed. It'll slide out somehow.

And we see films. We had a special preview of "Thunderball" the other week. I liked it.

But it's so ridiculously funny and I'm sure people are supposed to take it seriously.

Haven't been to a real cinema for a few months now. The last time was when I went to see "Repulsion" at a place in Oxford Street; bumped into Paul Jones at the box office. It was quite a popular film among the groups.

I have thought of moving back into London. I saw a great old house for sale in Holland Park the other day – with all old chimney stacks. Looked like something out of "The Munsters!"

But the trouble with us is we change our minds so often it's better to wait and take a firm decision. □



Shortly after he wrote this, George married Patti Boyd.

# OUR PRIVATE LIVES



report #3

by Keith Altham:  
British Reporter...Eye Witness

" OFF THE ROAD "

# HECTIC.....



I went to see that well-known, hit-making machine "Lennon- McCartney" at Granada TV studios in Manchester during the tele-recording of their Spectacular, to be transmitted Christmas, 1965 as a tribute to their composing talents.

Amid a battery of photographers, swarms of reporters and assorted models attired in rubber suits, swim suits, negligees, jockey suits and bunny uniforms, John and Paul posed before a scale model of the studio set (1,000 sq. ft. of sheet metal-1 mile of scaffolding-1 mile of gauze), which was decorated with toy soldiers.

After that I was invited by Paul to slip out of the milling throng and join him, John, recording manager George Martin, publicist Tony Barrow, composer Henry Mancini, producer Johnny Hamp and road manager Malcolm Evans at a private lunch.

"One of the reasons we're doing this show is as a favour to Johnny Hamp, who risked his job by including us on an early TV show when we were unknown." Paul told me as we walked through the studio corridors.

We came to an open courtyard where a frenzied yell split the air as a hundred or more fans burst through a barrier behind us. The whole party took to their heels-shy Henry Mancini and all.

Seated between the two Beatles at the table, John expressed some disappointment over the absence of certain artists on their show: "We wanted Richard Anthony to come over from France but he kept having car crashes or something," he said.

"I'd have liked a few big names like Peggy Lee, Keely Smith and Ella Fitzgerald, who have all recorded our numbers. But they were unavailable. Ella actually

sent a film insert but unfortunately it was not up to standard.

"Mind you, we understand these singers' position. It's like Bacharach ringing us from the States and saying 'You remember recording one of my compositions-well we'd like you to come over and do it next week.' It's just impossible.

"Marianne Faithful is coming down tomorrow." John went on. "I think her version of 'Yesterday' is much better than Matt Monro's disc. If she had got it out a week earlier she would have beaten him hands down."

John and Paul have very strong views on the artists who have recorded their songs and really done them justice. They both approve of Esther Phillip's version of "And I Love Him," which is why they invited her on the show and Henry Mancini's orchestrations, which is why he is playing "If I fell."

"There are only about 100 people in the world who really understand what our music is all about," said John. Ringo, George and a few others scattered around the globe. That's all.

"The reason so many people use our numbers and add nothing at all to them is that they do not understand the music. Consequently they make a mess of it. The only thing that Keely Smith added on her album of our compositions was a couple of trumpets!

"We try and find a truth for ourselves-a real feeling. You can never communicate your complete emotions to other people but if we can convey just a little of what we feel then we've achieved something.

"Some days I sit at home intending to put all our LPs on the gramophone and play them through in chronological order," John told me. It never happens. I get to





# ...all the time [THE BEATLES]

the stage where I'm beginning to realize we have progressed musically and someone knocks on the door. There I am sitting like an idiot listening to my own music. It always happens and I'm too embarrassed to leave the gram on!"

While John went to work on his steak I talked to Paul about their future plans. Were they any nearer the musical?

"We had a few ideas, like the one about Jesus Christ coming back to earth as an ordinary person," said Paul.

"I think we're now resigned to the fact that we will just not have the time to work on a full-scale musical until the Beatles as a group are finished.

"We have always wanted to write a number about the places in Liverpool where we were born. Places like Penny Lane and the Docker's Umbrella have a nice musical sound, but when we strung them all together in a composition they sounded so contrived we gave up."

Next item on the agenda around the table was Elvis Presley and those old new numbers.

"We saw enough of Presley to realize that he is not stupid," said John.

"At first we couldn't make him out. I asked him if he was preparing new ideas for his next film and he drawled. 'Ah sure am. I play a country boy with a guitar who meets a few girls along the way and I sing a few songs.' We all looked at one another. Finally Presley and Colonel Parker laughed. When they departed from that formula-for 'Wild In The Country'-they lost money.

"There's only one thing wrong with Elvis—he's just gone a bit square, that's all!"

The subject of "protest" songs brought plenty of protest from Paul. "I think Barry McGuire's 'Eve of Destruction' is — (he

used a word meaning 'rubbish') and when I first heard it I thought it was bad. When I saw McGuire in person leaping around in those boots and growling, I just fell about.

"The Manfreds did a protest number on TV the other evening which was the end.

"It was so bad they must have written it themselves. The pay-off was when Paul Jones turned dramatically on the camera and said, 'It's all those bad schools' it was too much!"

The only protesters to come out on the credit side with John and Paul were Dylan and Donovan. John summed up their feeling about these protest records by saying: "Let's see how many of these artists are still with us in six months time."

George Martin observed drily that the best protest record of the year was "Tears."

"I think that record was marvelous," enthused Paul. "Here are all the critics and experts theorizing about what makes a hit disc and along comes Ken Dodd out of the blue and debunks the lot of them. Great! I can't explain it—but I understand it."

On that note we all returned to the dressing rooms. Paul disappeared on set and John hauled off his black sweater to reveal a white tee shirt labelled (aptly) "Lord John" across the chest.

Enter DJ Jimmy Savile, resplendent in blue denims, encircled with a leather belt embossed with the most enormous silver buckle, plus white casual shoes.

For the next hour he conducted the conversation along the theme of "Communism," "Eastern Philosophy" (about which he knows a considerable amount) and the premise that "Youth is wasted

on the young" (Bernard Shaw). Anybody who takes Jimmy Savile for anything but a very shrewd man is a poor judge of character!

John shattered the intellectualism by observing: "There's something wrong with you—no cigar."

Jimmy explained that George Harrison had lately objected to his self-manufactured smog while in their dressing room and out of deference he refrained from smoking in the Beatles' dressing room.

"Well, that's only George's opinion," said John, so Jimmy promptly lit up a monster cigar and disappeared behind a pillar of smoke.

I wandered out across the corridor to another dressing room, to find Herman had come down to escort Lulu (also in the Spectacular) to her 17th birthday celebration in Manchester that night.

Two doors away Peter and Gordon were chatting up two blondes. Henry Mancini was somewhat at a loss to understand why the fans standing outside in the pouring rain screamed at him every time he passed an open window, and Esther Philips was looking for her dressing room—again.

On my last look in the set I watched the Beatles miming to one of their numbers, "Daytripper," while a bevy of beautiful birds, with outside sunglasses and long legs pranced about.

I left the studio after asking their other road manager, Neil Aspinall, to convey my thanks to Paul and John for their courtesy and co-operation. It can't be said too often that the Beatles, for all their success, remain friendly, down-to-earth people.

Perhaps that's what the Beatles are all about. □









Report #1

Paul McCartney:  
An Interview...

"FUNNY SONGS, PROTEST SONGS,  
SONG SONGS"

# THE BEATLES

"I'm always pleased when somebody has a hit with one of our songs—it's almost as good as us doing it. One or two people thought we should have put 'Yesterday' out as the title track of an EP, but, of course, it's too late now."

As a consolation for having missed the British hit parade with his own version, Paul does, of course, have the satisfaction of knowing that it has sold more than a million copies in America. Since he wrote most of the song and his recording doesn't include any of the other Beatles' vocal or instrumental talents, didn't he mind sharing the royalties with them?

"Oh, go away! Of course not! After all, mine wouldn't have been a hit if I hadn't been a Beatle, would it? If Ringo got a record to the top of the charts, I'd expect

to get quarter of the money off him. I don't begrudge the lads their money."

Has Paul planned any more "solo" records: "We never planned 'Yesterday' as a solo! But John and I have written so many songs which sounded great when we just sang them with one guitar and then got crummier and crummier as we added the rest of our sounds to them, that we decided to leave this one almost as it was."

"Then George Martin said, 'What about an orchestra?' and I said 'Well, okay—but just a little one then' and ended up with a quartet."

"But you asked me if I was going to do any more solos. Well, we've written another song in the same vein as 'Yesterday,' but we wouldn't do it the same way. That wouldn't be us. So I don't really know."

As everyone knows, the Beatles are currently recording a multitude of new tracks for their next album and single. Are we due for any surprises, like the one 'Yesterday' gave us from their last sessions?

Paul answered: "We've written some funny songs—songs with jokes in. We think that comedy numbers are the next thing after protest songs."

"We don't like protest songs, of course, because we're not the preaching sort and in any case, we leave it to others to deliver messages of that kind."

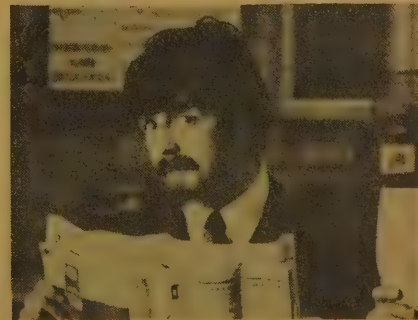
"George, I must tell you, has written a song for the next LP which is definitely the best he's done and the best we've recorded with him singing the main part."

"We haven't decided which will be the next single yet—we've got a couple in the can which could be 'A' sides. Or maybe even George's. But we shan't decide until the sessions are over. We've got the lot to pick from."

Were there any plans to record a song with a Christmas flavour? I asked. I should have known better.

"Definitely not our style, though come to think of it...I might suggest a Christmas-protest song to John!"

Good afternoon! □



## AFTER PROTEST SONGS, WHAT?



# YESTERDAY

Words and Music by  
JOHN LENNON and  
PAUL McCARTNEY

**Moderato**

*p e dolce*

Yes-ter-day, all my troub-les seemed so  
far a-way Now it looks as though they're here to stay\_\_ Oh I be-lieve\_\_ in  
yes - ter - day. \_\_ Sud - den - ly. I'm not half the man I used to be  
There's a shad - ow hang - ing ov - er me\_\_ Oh yes - ter - day\_\_ came sud - den - ly. \_\_

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# rists only - BEATLES - for guitarists only

Em7 A7 Dm C Bb Dm Gm C F

Why she had to go I don't know. she would - n't say.

Em7 A7 Dm C Bb Dm Gm C F

I said some - thing wrong now I long for yes - ter - day.

Em7 A7 Dm Bb C

Yes-ter-day, love was such an eas - y game to play Now I need a place to

F C Dm G Bb F G Bb F

hide a - way\_\_ Oh I be - lieve\_\_ in yes - ter - day.\_\_ Mm mm mm mm mm.

# rists only - BEATLES - for guitarists only



report #5

by Alan Smith:  
British Reporter... Eye Witness  
" A BRITISH TOUR "

# TOURING THE

The Beatles can't go anywhere without the photographers. An evening out in London becomes a circus.

Like something from the world of James Bond and international intrigue, a sleek Austin Princess with black tinted windows headed out of London in the bleak early hours of the morning, streaking with 007 speed in the direction of the English-Scottish border.

Inside the car it was a different story. Slumped cozily in the comfort of four specially fitted armchairs were those most un-Bond-like characters, the Beatles – eating fish and chips from newspaper!

This was breakfast and lunch rolled into one for them.

I flew to Glasgow to follow the show and I was the only journalist to stay with the tour.

I will not say it has been the greatest tour the Beatles have ever played. I know the group can do without hypocrisy like that.

At the same time, some of the national newspaper journalists who've delighted in playing down their impact could well have their heads examined.

Crazy Beatlemania is over, certainly Beatle fans are now a little bit more sophisticated than Rolling Stones followers, for instance, and there were certainly no riots at the Glasgow opening night.

But there were two jam-packed houses, some fainting fits, and thunderous waves of screams that set the city's Odeon theatre trembling.

At one point I was literally deafened for a time by the surging, screaming waves of sound coming from the audience.

But let me put you in the picture as it happened...from Glasgow to Newcastle, on to Liverpool and then to Manchester.

It was late on Thursday night when the Beatles' Austin Princess arrived at Berwick-on-Tweed on the English-Scottish border. High security arrangements had been made for them to stay overnight at a small hotel in the town and they worked so well that only a few people were there to see them off the next morning!

Friday morning's drive to Glasgow brought almost the only untoward incident of the tour. It seems that fourteen Beatle guitars were strapped to the boot of the Austin Princess, but on a particularly bumpy stretch of road, one of them – a Gretsch belonging to George – fell out and into the path of oncoming traffic.

George told me later: "About 13 lorries went over it before our chauffeur could get near it. Then one of the lorries stopped and the driver came up with the



dangling remains of it and said: 'Oy, is this 'ere banjo anyfink to do wiv you?'

"Some people would say I shouldn't worry because I could buy as many replacement guitars as I wanted, but you know how it is, I kind of got attached to it."

The guitar incident over, the Beatles car drove on and eventually arrived at Glasgow's Central hotel late in the afternoon. It was the ideal place for them to stay – built like a grim, impregnable fortress, and so big inside you could comfortably use a taxi to get about. Even then you'd need a good driver and a map.

A big steak, a wash, and then the boys were whisked off to a Press conference. It was set for 4:45 pm, but they'd been told it would start at 4 pm. The idea was that they'd be late for 4 o'clock – but on time for quarter to five! They actually arrived at the conference at 5:10 pm. You know how these things are.

Sensation of the Press conference? Paul's massive floral Mod tie bought at Harrods a few days ago! John clowned about for the photographers wiping his nose on it and making cracks like: "Where did he get it? Leased it from Arthur English!"

Even one of the hotel's chefs was taking pictures at that conference (actually in the theatre), but the boys managed to get away in the end.

At last – backstage – there was time for them to relax as they waited to go on stage. The audience was filing in now and we could make out the screams and shouts of "We want the Beatles!"

Outside, the scene wasn't so enthusiastic. The police were there in force, sealing off streets around the theatre and on horseback shepherding the fans.

Paul told me: "We don't like it. The police have got to do their job and keep order, but just lately it's getting ridiculous. There are so many of them about, it ruins the whole atmosphere of enjoyment."



# ENGLISH SCENE THE BEATLES

As it happened, arrangements by the police were so strict in Glasgow, Newcastle and Liverpool that the theatres were sometimes completely deserted from the outside. Streets all around were sealed off. Only ticket holders were allowed through, and even then they were ordered to make their way direct into the theatre.

On a happier topic, I asked George how he felt to be on a British tour again after so long (the last Beatles package was late 1964). Did the long gaps between the group's personal appearances affect them from a music point of view?

"Certainly," George replied. "It's easy to get rusty when you don't play together for a long while, but we've been doing a heck of a lot of recording lately and it's helped to keep us in shape. We've also put in a lot of rehearsals."

He began to get ready for the first house performance. "What about song writing?" I asked. "I see you've written one for the Hollies. Any plans to step up your songwriting plans in the future?"

He turned sharply away from the mirror. "Tell people I didn't write it for the Hollies," he said bluntly. "It's called 'If I Needed Someone' and they've done it as their new single; but their version is not my kind of music."

"I think it's rubbish the way they've done it! They've spoiled it. The Hollies are all right musically, but the way they do their records they sound like session men who've just got together in a studio without ever seeing each other before. Technically good, yes. But that's all."

A comment to shock Hollies fans, certainly – but George believes in honesty whether it shocks or not.

In another corner of the dressing room John was carefully arranging his neat hair style into something resembling a berserk haystack. He muttered: "It takes me hours to look this scruffy."

Ringo saw me take a note of this Lennonism and he mickey-talked: "John said, 'It takes me hours to look this scruffy.' Ho-ho!" "O.K.," I challenged, "You say something sparkling!"

Ringo looked straight at me in that usual deadpan way and said: "Schweppes!"

It was a fantastic opening night. As I mentioned earlier, it wasn't up to Beatlemania standards of a couple of years ago, but you can't escape the phenomenal impact they still make at a live appearance.

One thing that struck me backstage, however, was that the Beatles have become much quieter people of late. There's a calm, mature atmosphere about their backstage. It's all jokes and a warm, friendly atmosphere about their backstage. It's all jokes and a warm, friendly atmosphere about their backstage.

After the Glasgow show they went back to their hotel and after a short chat, to bed.

On Saturday morning they slept in late and then set off in the Princess ("Everybody calls it John's Rolls," said John. "I don't know why.") bound for Newcastle.

Here they booked in at the city's Turks Head Hotel – Albert Finney and Sir Laurence Olivier were fellow guests, although they didn't meet – before going on to the City Hall late in the afternoon. There are no curtains at this venue, so the show had to be rearranged slightly.

I thought that throwing jelly babies at the Beatles was a bit old-hat these days, but the Newcastle fans have other ideas. There seemed to be thousands of the things pouring on to the stage as the group went through their act.

Before they went on, the Beatles quietly watched television, in a darkened room next to their dressing room. Programmes they saw were "Thank Your Lucky Stars", in which they made a filmed appearance: "The Avengers," "Lost In Space," and the play "The Paraffin Man."

Beatle-cum-TV fans might like to know that they switched off "Thunderbirds" because they didn't like it, and they weren't too happy about the film of themselves in "Lucky Stars".

Said John: "We did it at the same studios as we made our 'Help' film. We had great ideas for it – we thought it was going to be an outdoor thing, and with more of a visual appeal"

"I'm not really happy the way it's turned out, but it hasn't put me off this kind of idea for the future. I've no objections to filming TV appearances."

"For a start, it means we can film them all in one day instead of traipsing around the country to do different programmes."

Comments like that could get the Beatles accused of laziness – but it was all manager Brian Epstein's idea, and the group told me they always intend to stick to his advice through thick or thin.

A heavy meal was laid on for the Beatles after the first house spot, and then they returned to watching TV. I didn't see an alcoholic drink in sight.

The evening ended rather quietly, too – back to the hotel and so to bed." Then to Liverpool on Sunday, arriving late afternoon.

The number of police outside rather dampened possible stage door demonstrations of enthusiasm, but inside the Empire Theatre there was no mistaking the warmth of Merseyside's welcome home to the beloved Beatles.

Even in "the 'Pool'", however, I noticed a quietening down of audience reaction compared with previous concerts. I'm not knocking in any way – I just think the group's fans are getting a bit more sensible lately. There was tons of thunderous applause to compensate for the lowered screaming decibel rate!

George planned to see Patti Boyd later in the evening, while Paul spent some time making a trunk call to someone, somewhere.

While all this was going on, John talked about this, that and the other with fellow artists on the show, the Moody Blues. There was also the "Observer" colour supplement to keep him occupied.

Monday was a rest day in Liverpool... seeing old friends and relatives, and reviving old memories. The Beatles stayed there until Tuesday when they left for Manchester for another concert, another press conference, and another meeting with film producer Walter Shenson.

Walter is the man who produced "Help!" and "Hard Day's Night" – and he wants them to make the western, "A Talent For Loving".

John told me in Glasgow: "He thinks we're still considering that film, but as far as I'm concerned, anyway, it's scrapped. The original book was great – but the script they showed us turned out lousy."

"The trouble is, these people try to write something around us, and in the way they imagine we'll do it. This is useless. We want something we can do things with, something that's a challenge."

Chimed in George: "He's right. I wouldn't mind waiting another nine months to make a film. Who's in a hurry? We want the right script."

Ringo – who's a big western fan – also had a word to say: "Anyway I've gone off making a western myself. And I say that even though I think the script they offered us gave me the best deal."

Beatlemania is over, and there were no riots – but who needs riots when you're the toast of the world, and you've just got two "A" sides at the top of the chart?

Paul put it in a nutshell when he told me: "People who expect things to always be the same are stupid. You can't live in the past. I suppose things would be that little bit wilder if we did big raving, rocking numbers all the time, just like we did at the beginning."

"But how long could we last if we did that? We'd be called old fashioned in no time. And doing the same thing all the time would just drive us round the bend." □



report #6

by Chris Hutchins:  
British Reporter...Eye Witness

"ELVIS PRESLEY"

# THE BEATLES

## ELVIS meets the boys

Elvis Presley was playing bass guitar, with the benefit of a little instruction from Paul McCartney; John Lennon was on rhythm guitar. The record they were backing was Cilla Black's "You're My World." Suddenly John exclaimed: "This beats talking, doesn't it?" And that's how it was—the world's No. 1 solo star and world's No. 1 group were meeting for the first time and communicating through music.

The get-together took three days of planning and was shrouded in secrecy to avoid two armies of Beatles and Presley fans gathering in one spot. The Beatles had accepted Elvis' invitation to spend a Friday evening at his home.

It was my great privilege to be the only journalist invited. There is not a picture in existence to record the great event. No one with a camera was allowed inside.

Colonel Parker escorted the Beatles to Presley's Bel Air home shortly after 10 pm. Police stopped traffic to prevent fans tailing them. The Colonel's associate, Tom Diskin, and I collected Brian Epstein from Los Angeles Airport, to which he had flown specially from New York to be present, and we arrived at the house a few minutes after the Beatles.

When we entered Elvis was sitting with Paul on one side of him and his current girl friend on the other. John sat next to Paul. George was crosslegged on the floor. Ringo was at the other side of the room inspecting Elvis' collection of records. They were watching a colour television set in the centre of the room but the sound was switched off. Later an American hit blared from the record player.

"Somebody bring in the guitars," said Elvis.

One of the ten pals he employs as his constant companions obliged. Three electric guitars were plugged into amplifiers scattered around the room.

"Here's how I play the bass. Not too good, but I'm practicing," he told Paul, and joined in to accompany a record on the player. John added a few chords, while George studied the third instrument before playing.

That's how it went for the first hour. Elvis, John and George providing the costliest-ever backing to a selection of British and American discs, including one by the Shadows.

Presley, dressed in a red shirt and close fitting black jerkin with the collar turned up, gave the occasional hint of his famous wiggle, even though seated in his chair

strumming the bass part to each record. The Beatles were also casually dressed.

Ringo, in a white jerkin and white trousers, looked at the guitarists without smiling.

"Too bad we left the drums in Memphis," Elvis consoled him.

I wandered around the room. Prominently placed a wagon, lit on the inside and announcing on its cover "All The Way With L.S.J." A white grand piano occupied a corner by the bar and next to it was a juke box which contained no British records and only one by its owner, "Return To Sender."

Elvis' companions kept up a supply of drinks for the Beatles, but the host himself neither touched one nor accepted any of the cigarettes offered by those who either didn't read or didn't believe his biographies. Even in this relaxed, carefree atmosphere I never heard him swear.

I'm sure the Beatles were as impressed as I was with his balanced way of life.

"Zis is ze way it should be," said Lennon in a mock Peter Sellers accent: "Ze small homely gathering wiz a few friends and a little muzic!" Elvis smiled.

At the back of the room Brian Epstein and Colonel Tom Parker (the latter, by the way, was making one of his rare appearances at the house) sat chatting and watching over their stars like parents. They later adjourned for a little roulette in the game room. Epstein won some, Parker lost a little.

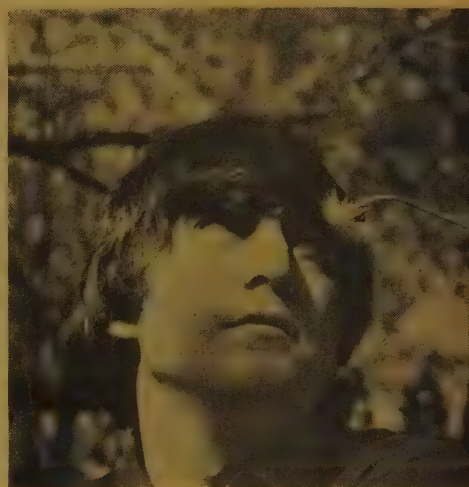
When they tired of their music, Elvis, John, George, Paul and Ringo sat back and relaxed. Our host opened a new chapter of the unique conversation when he said, "Some funny things happen to you on the road, don't they? I remember once in Vancouver we'd only done a number or two when they rushed the stage. It was lucky we got off in time. They tipped the whole rastrum over."

Paul: "We've had some crazy experiences. One fellow rushed on stage and pulled the leads out of the amplifiers and said to me 'one move and you're dead.'"

Elvis: "It used to get pretty scary at times."

John: "But you're just one. At least we've got each other up there. If somebody pushed me on stage and said, 'You're on your own,' like they did with you, I'd just break up."

The conversation turned to planes and Presley told the Beatles of some of the



experiences that had unnerved him for flying. "I once took off from Atlanta, Georgia, in a small plane that had only two engines and one of them failed."

"Boy, I was really scared. I thought my number was really up."

"We had to remove sharp objects from our pockets and rest our heads on pillows between our knees. When we landed our pilot was soaking wet with sweat, although there was snow on the ground outside," Elvis told the Beatles.

In return, George related the story of his flight from Liverpool when the window beside him sprang open.

The talk of close shaves exhausted, the topic switched to cars. Said Elvis: "I've got a Rolls-Royce Phantom Five..."

"Snap," exclaimed Lennon. "Saw yours outside. Mine's just the same only I've had all the chrome bits painted black."

Shortly before 2 am — early for the Beatles but late for Elvis — someone decided it was time to go. "Softly As I Leave You" was spinning on the record player as the Beatles shook hands with Elvis inside his home, and they thanked him for the large boxes of all his records each one had received from Colonel Tom Parker on Presley's behalf.

As they climbed into their limousine in the courtyard a handful of fans keeping vigil on the wall surrounding the house chanted alternatively "Elvis is King" and "We want the Beatles."

All the way home, John, Paul, George and Ringo chatted about the experience and agreed that the meeting was an unforgettable and pleasant highlight of their lives. □



report #7

John Lennon:  
An Interview...

"MONEY AND MUSIC"

# THE BEATLES

## JOHN looks at the future



John Lennon and I tried something unusual - we went to lunch. Unusual for him because he NEVER lunches out and unusual for me because I normally eat before 3:30 pm! But then journalists have to get up earlier than Beatles do.

John arrived (on time) to test the new experience and we moved away in style in the luxury of his Rolls-Royce Phantom V, surveying Mayfair from behind darkened windows that allow you to see out but no one to see in. It's something like traveling in an ambulance, but ambulances are rarely fitted with TV and refrigerator.

The phone in the back of the car hummed: "Can't be for me," said John, "no one's got the number." We arrived at the restaurant in Regent Street and John sent the car away, asking the driver to return in 90 minutes. Only when it had gone did we discover that the restaurant, where our table was booked for 3:15 closes at 3:00.....

"'Ere, it's John Lennon," said a woman to her friend, but before her friend had turned round we were in the back of a taxi. The driver said he knew a nice little caff in Soho and that sounded better than sandwiches and tea at NEMS (the Epstein Emporium) so off we went.

The place was empty and the food smelt good, though sherry in the soup was the closest we could get to alcohol at that time of day, much to the regret of our waiter.

John asked for a paper serviette as he'd forgotten a handkerchief and removed his pvc mac ("Bought it in Tahiti for fifteen bob") and the Lennon interview began...

Q: You have often said that you don't want to be playing in a pop group when you reach 30; you are now in your 26th year. Is this, therefore, the start of the retirement process?

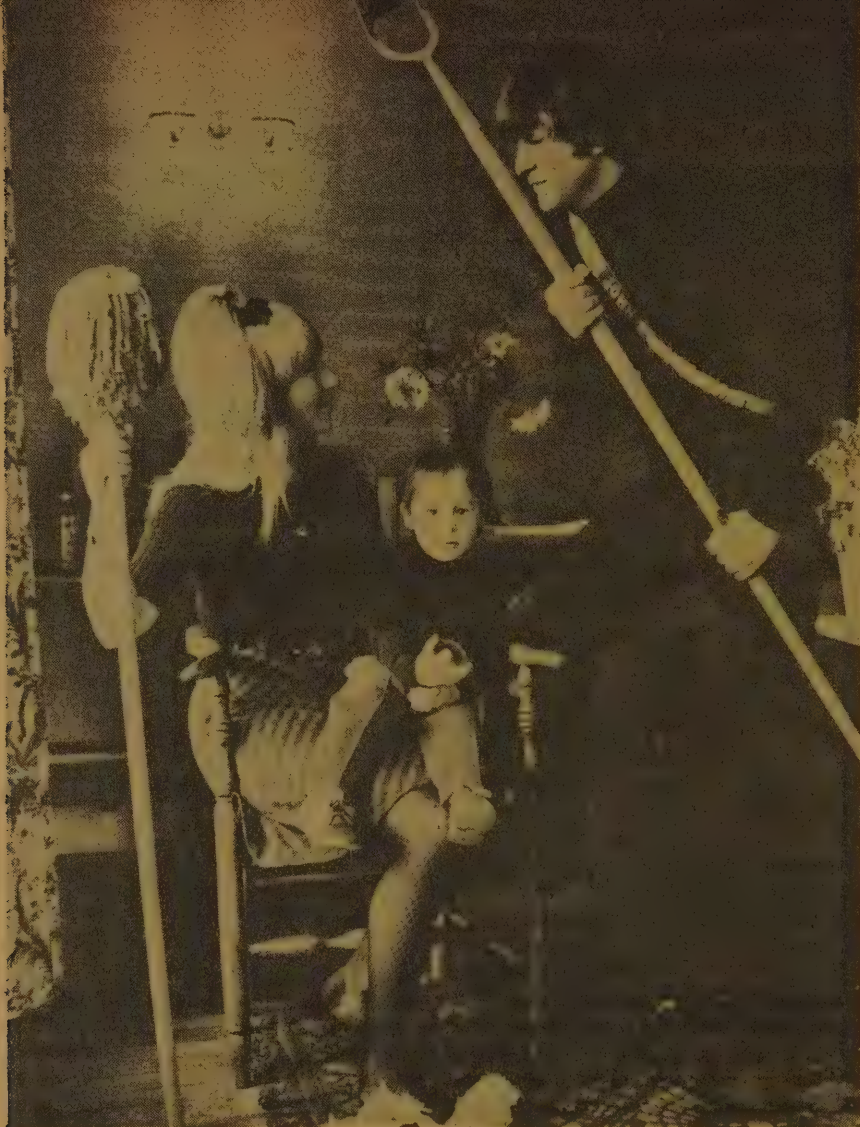
LENNON: No. We're going to Germany, America and Japan this year. It's an accident that we're not working now; we should have had two weeks holiday after Christmas then started on the next film, but it isn't ready and won't be for months.

We want to work and we've got plenty to do writing songs, taping things and so on. Paul and I ought to get down to writing some songs for the new LP next week. I hope he and Jane aren't going away or God knows when we'll be ready to record.

George thought we'd written them and

*{Continued on next page}*





were all ready - that's why he came dashing back from his honeymoon and we hadn't got a thing ready. We'll have to get started. There's been too much messing round. But I feel we've only just finished "Rubber Soul" and I keep looking for the reviews, then I realize we did it months ago.

We're obviously not going to work harder than we want to now, but you get a bit fed up of doing nothing.

Q: Now that you've got all the money you need and plenty of time on your hands, don't you ever get the urge to do something different?

LENNON: I've had one or two things up my sleeve, I was going to make recordings of some of my poetry. But I'm not high-powered. I just sort of stand there and let things happen to me.

I should have finished a new book it's supposed to be out this month but I've only done one page. I thought why should I break my back getting books out like records?

Q: Do you ever worry that the money you have won't be enough to last your lifetime?

LENNON: I get fits of worrying about money. I get visions of being one of those fools who do it all in by the time they're 30. Then I imagine writing a series for the "People" saying "I was going to spend, spend, spend...."

I thought about this a while back and decided I'd been a bit extravagant and bought too many cars, so I put the Ferrari and the Mini up for sale. Then one of the accountants said I was all right, so I got the cars back.

It's the old story of never knowing how much we've got. I've tried to find out but with income tax to be deducted and the money coming in from all over the place, the sums get too complicated for me, I can't even do my times table.

Every now and again the accountant clears some money of tax and puts it into my account saying: "That's there and it's all yours but don't spend it all at once!" The thing I've learned is that if I'm spending \$10,000 I say to myself: "You've had to earn \$30,000 before tax to get that."

Q: What sort of people are your guests at home in Weybridge?

LENNON: We entertain very few. Proby was there one night and George Martin

another, I think those are the only two we've specifically said 'Come to dinner' to and made preparations. Normally I like people to drop round on the off chance. It cuts out all the formal entertaining business.

We've just had Ivan and Jean down for a weekend - they're old friends from Liverpool - and Pete Shott, the fellow who runs my supermarket came round on Saturday.

Q: Is the house at Weybridge a permanent home?

LENNON: No it's not. I'm dying to move into but I'm waiting to see how Paul gets on when he goes into his town house. If he gets by all right then I'll sell the place at Weybridge. Probably to some American who'll pay a fortune for it!

I was thinking the other night though that it might not be easy to find a buyer. How do you sell somebody a pink, green and purple house? We've had purple velvet put up on the dining room walls - it seeps off the old scrubbed table we eat on.

Then there's the "funny" room upstairs. I painted that all colours changing from one to another as I emptied each can of paint. How do you show somebody that when they come to look the place over? And there's the plants in the bath...

I suppose I could have a flat in town but I don't want to spend another \$20,000 just to have somewhere to stay overnight when I've had too much bevy to drive home.

Q: What kind of TV programmes do you watch?

LENNON: "The Power Game" is my favorite. I love that. And next to it "Danger Man" and "The Rat Catchers" - did you see that episode the other night when that spy, the clever one, shot a nun by mistake? I love that and I was so glad it happened to the clever one.

Q: What's going to come out of the next recording sessions?

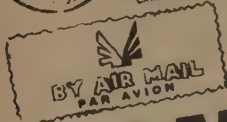
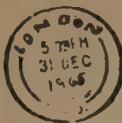
LENNON: Literally, anything. Electronic music, jokes...one thing's for sure - the next LP is going to be very different. We wanted to have it so that there was no space between the tracks - just continuous. But they wouldn't wear it.

Paul and I are very keen on this electronic music. You make it clinking a couple of glasses together or with bleeps from the radio, then you loop the tape to repeat the noises at intervals. Some people build up whole symphonies from it. It would have been better than the background music we had for the last film. All those silly bands. Never again! □



# HIT PARADER'S

## LETTER FROM LONDON



FROM  
**MIRANDA WARD**



Our girl in London with Everly Bros. & Wayne.

A few weeks ago when I met the KINKS for a drink, PETE QUAIFE ruined my stockings! The pub was crowded and in the crush he knocked his ciggie against my knee (disadvantage of a short skirt - when sitting, knees exposed!) He was so apologetic (and promptly bought me another drink - best treatment for shock!) that I willingly forgave him. Imagine my surprise when a few days later I received a parcel - YES, a pair of stockings. Ever since, I have been trying to catch him at home to thank him, and to reassure him that they were the right size. Today I succeeded and we ended up chatting for over half an hour! You would think that any pop star would get enough flying in the course of duty...but not PETE. When he has a day off in London he hires a small plane and takes off...he's a qualified pilot. With luck next month I shall live to tell you what a good pilot he is! He has promised to take me up when we both have the same day free. I'm looking forward to it - should be groovy!

Recently MARTHA & THE VANDELLAS were over here for a short promotional visit. Vandellas BETTY and ROZ were determined to visit CARNABY STREET (the home of swinging fashions). The first afternoon they had free we went down, I acted as their guide. Ironically, MARTHA who hadn't particularly wanted to go - (she was v. tired) ended up with the most! She walked into the third shop with the words "Do you have any clothes to fit skinny people?" and eventually staggered out with sweaters; dresses; a leather trouser suit and a fur coat which she insisted on wearing right away - although it was quite a hot day! Both BETTY and ROZ bought leather coats and a couple of dresses.

Also over here a short time ago were the fabulous EVERLY BROTHERS. When they were here last year PHIL was searching high and low for a large antique heavily carved four-poster bed.

He has at long last found one and by now it will be safely installed in his Hollywood home..."It's very old - about 15th century and the carving depicts the story of Adam and Eve! Apparently it is as good, if not better, as some of the antiques they have in the Victoria & Albert museum!" (A large London museum, full of antiques!) He is justifiably proud of it.

Went down to Birmingham (about 100 miles from London) for the recording of 'Thank Your Lucky Stars' a TV programme. On the show were the UNIT 4+2 (Concrete & Clay - remember?) Over a cup of tea in the canteen TOM (MOELLER - lead singer) told me of an alarming experience he had had the night before.

"One minute I was singing away to a very enthusiastic audience and the next thing I knew some nit was pouring cold water over me in the dressing-room!" DAVID MEIKLE elaborated..."The people at the front got carried away and pulled TOM off the stage, we had to haul him back on, but he just lay there, all limp. We went on with a couple of numbers thinking he was fooling, then realized he couldn't be, and so had to finish...we got him back to the dressing-room and someone, I won't say who!!! slashed cold water over him..." TOM went on "I'm perfectly O.K. now, but it was weird at the time... I suppose that is what it is like when you die - so sudden that you just aren't aware of it!!"

After the show the boys persuaded me to stay and watch an episode of BAT-MAN (it isn't shown in the London area yet)...isn't it fantastic!...POW!!

Another American to hit London recently was BEACH BOY BRUCE JOHNSTON. I lunched with him on his last day...he is one of the nicest, politest people I've ever met on the pop scene. A lot of faces-manners are nothing to write home about, but BRUCE...he just knocked me out.

He was very chuffed; One evening during the week he was here, BEATLES JOHN LENNON and PAUL McCARTNEY turned up at his hotel to meet him... apparently introductions went like this: B.J. "How do you do?"

J.L. "How do you do?"

B.J. "I try!!"

End of conversation...No; joking aside after the somewhat formal intros, they sat down to discuss the music scene. He also lunched with DAVE CLARK; dined with MARIANNE FAITHFUL and her husband JOHN DUNBAR. He also was shown around the London club scene by KEITH MOON, the drummer of the WHO; During the week he met the HOLLIES; STONES; SWINGING BLUE JEANS; KINKS; MOODY BLUES; PAUL & BARRY RYAN...the list is endless! (In some cases he didn't meet all the group - just a representative!)

The purpose of his visit was two-fold. To have a holiday and also to see what was happening on the British scene at first hand - so that he could report back to the rest of the BEACH BOYS. He is raving about the London scene!

At the time of writing (as I expect you know, there is quite a gap between my writing and you reading it) the ANIMALS have just come back from the States. BARRY JENKINS has settled in very happily..."It's great...the music is more my sort, more relaxed." No offence to JOHN STEEL, but the change of line-up seems to have given them another shot in the arm...the same as it did when DAVE ROWBERRY joined last year. It's hardly surprising that groups get a bit stale; most of the time they are playing to screaming audiences who don't listen properly; they are playing the same numbers night after night...and they don't get much chance for rehearsal because they spend so much time on the road...maybe it would be an idea to have a central pool and

{Cont. on Page 49}



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—G.D., Palm Beach, Fla.

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## • I SAW HER AGAIN LAST NIGHT

(As recorded by The Mama's & Papa's/ Dunhill)

JOHN PHILIPS  
DENNIS DOUGHERTY

I saw her again last night and you know that I shouldn't

To string her along, it's just not right  
If I couldn't, I wouldn't  
But what can I do, although it's true  
And it makes me feel so good to know  
she'll never leave me

I'm in way over my head, now she  
thinks that I love her  
She knows that's what I said  
Though I never think of her.

Everytime I see that girl  
You know I wanna lay down and die  
You know I really need that girl  
Know I'm livin' a lie  
Makes me wanna cry.

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## • ALONG COMES MARY

(As recorded by The Association/  
Valliant)

TANDYN ALMER

Everytime I think that I'm the only one  
who's lonely

Someone calls on me and every now and  
then I spend my time at rhyme and  
verse and curse the faults in me

But then along comes Mary  
And does she wanna give me kicks and  
be my steady chick

And give me pick of memories or maybe  
rather gather tales from all the fails  
and tribulations no one ever sees

When we met I was sure out to lunch  
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as  
the punch

When vague desire is the fire in the eyes  
of chicks whose sickness is the games  
they play

And when the masquerade is played  
And neighbor folks make jokes

At who is most to blame today

Then along comes Mary

And does she wanna set them free

And make them see realities

In which she got her name

And will they struggle much

When told that such a tender touch of  
hers will make them not the same

When we met I was sure out to lunch  
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as  
the punch.

Then when the morning of the warning's  
passed

The gassed and flaccid kids are flung  
across the stars

The psychodramas and the traumas gone  
The songs are left unsung

And hung upon the scars and then along  
comes Mary

And does she wanna see the stains

The dead remains of all the pains

She sent the night before

Or will their waking eyes reflect the lies  
And realize their urgent cry for sight no  
more

When we met I was sure out to lunch  
Now my empty cup tastes as sweet as  
the punch.

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# THE Whisky A GO GO

The Sunset Strip is undoubtedly one of the most famous streets in the world, and its row of nightclubs is equally well known. Such luminaries as the old Ciro's, the Crescendo, Jerry Lewis' club, (all defunct now), the Playboy Club, Dino's, and more currently, the Trip and It's Boss, are all found in a few-block area on Sunset Boulevard. Most famous of all, however, after only two years in business, is the Whisky A Go Go, America's first discotheque and haven for the beat-minded adult.

Elmer Valentine, a name that keeps cropping up in Los Angeles nightlife circles, was originally the owner of P.J.'s, a successful club on Santa Monica Blvd. About three years ago he sold his interest in that nitery and went off to Europe to get away from it all. He didn't get away from much, because in Paris he was introduced to the discotheque, where records and rock and roll bands provided the music and the young clientele provided the entertainment on the dance floor (along with featured dancers in "cages").

Elmer returned to Los Angeles and started the whole go-go craze in this country via the Whisky A Go Go. Soon caged dancers and loud music were



Two go go girls jump up and down at the Whiskey.

## THE Los ANGELES Club Scene



everywhere—there's a "go-go" club in almost every major (and even minor) city in the country, and the go-go label has been attached to everything from television shows to clothes.

The Whisky first opened in January of 1964, and it was the place to go for action, man. Even the Beatles stopped in when they first came to Hollywood—and saw Jayne Mansfield swinging on the dance floor. The Whisky attracted stars from all solar systems—Steve McQueen, Judy Garland, Barry McGuire—and always had its quota of on-lookers just out for the music and star-gazing. You had to be 21 to get in, but the younger ones stood outside and waited to see the stars go in and out. They impatiently awaited the day they could join the go-go lovers on the inside. Even live albums were taped there (such as "Johnny Rivers at the Whisky A Go Go"), and you had to be a Notre Dame halfback to push through the throngs.

But as all good things must change, if not come to an end, so did the Whisky change. It was too famous—every tourist coming to LA had to go there and look at the celebrities, until the celebrities gave up and found some less crowded place. The club was never unsuccessful—crowds were constantly near-capacity—but the crowd itself changed. The Whisky simply wasn't the "in" place for the "in" people, it was just a nice loud club where a lot of nice people went to dance and drink. Local bands replaced the name talent, so the excitement of opening nights was gone.

Mr. Valentine decided it was time to refurbish the club's image, and without further ado, the Whisky closed on January 1, 1966, for extensive re-decorating and re-image-ing. It opened on January 13, 1966 with the Young Rascals headlining; this time it was open to 18-year-olds and there was more room to dance, more tables, more big names. It was reborn, to put it dramatically.

The famous go-go dancers are now on a platform above the entrance, not in an open cage centered over the band. They dance to requested records in the interim between the band and the featured attraction. There is now a balcony where people can sit and watch, as at a concert, or climb down the stairs and dance. If food and drink are the fare for the evening, there are booths and tables on the main floor.

Since January of this year, Otis Redding, Love, and Johnny Rivers have played the Whisky (in addition to the Rascals mentioned earlier), and they played to the stars as well as the tourists. Glimpsed the night of this interview—Gary Lewis and the Playboys, Michelle of the Mamas, and Barry McGuire (who can be glimpsed there most any night). A couple of nights before Warren Beatty, Yvette Mimieux, Ryan O'Neal, Barbara Parkins, Danny Hutton, and the Byrds were all there.

One of the ticket takers can testify to the advantages of meeting stars at the Whisky. She has dated Denny of the Papas and is currently Donovan's girl.

It's an almost unheard-of thing when a club that was once very "in" makes a comeback, especially a club that doesn't cater to a limited audience (like the ethnic folk spots). The tourists are still at the Whisky—the same people who also have to see the Playboy Club when they come to town—but they are no longer keeping the local talent away. They all mix and mingle and return, and Mr. Valentine couldn't be happier.

And did you know that the club is not allowed to spell out the word "Whisky" in lights (but it's alright to have it painted on the building). Some newspapers even leave off the Y in Whisky in their advertisements. But no matter how you spell it, the Whisky A Go Go has had a renaissance, and it looks like this second success will outlast the first. □



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# The Robbs



The boys sit on a curb and hold up a fence. "We set here all day," says Craig, "and think of gettin' a job some day."

## DEE ROBB

(leader, guitarist, vocalist, songwriter)

Height, five feet nine inches; weight, 140 lbs; red-blond hair, blue eyes; born in Ann Arbor, Mich., June 21, 1946. Single. Learned to play guitar at age 7; attended grade school in Clearwater, Fla.; high school in Milwaukee, Wisc. "My earliest ambition was to be a sports car driver." Has written and published such songs as "Race With The Wind," "In A Funny Sort Of Way," "Say That Thing," and "Surfer Life." Dee is something of a perfectionist: "I'm never quite satisfied with anything I do. Nothing is good enough." Likes: Jag X-KE cars; lobster and steak; Paul Newman flicks; clothing: "whatever strikes my fancy;" all water sports; cooking "only if I don't have to!"; simple informal parties; drive-in movies.

## JOE ROBB

(vocalist, tambourine)

Height, five feet seven inches; weight: 150 lbs.; brown hair, hazel eyes; born in Ann Arbor, Mich., Sept. 16, 1947. Single. Began playing saxophone at age

7. Attended grade school in Clearwater, Fla.; high school at Clearwater high school, North Fort Myers High School, (Fla.) "When I was in the first grade, I read Tom Swift and from then on wanted to be a space pilot." Likes: reading horror stories, particularly H.P. Lovecraft's Dunwich Horror. Feels he is too extravagant: "When I see something I want, I feel I have to buy it whether I can afford it or not." Likes: skin-diving; Mod and Western clothes; motorcycle riding (owns a BSA bike); wrestling, skateboarding, and tennis; collects guns; digs Ford Cobra cars; Marlon Brando and Montgomery Cliff movies ...and Elke Sommer; bright colors like red; people who are natural, don't put on "an act."

## BRUCE ROBB

(vocalist organist)

Height: five feet 10 inches tall; weight: 160; black hair, brown eyes; born in Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 22, 1948. Single. Began playing piano at age 7. Attended school in Clearwater, Fla.; earliest ambition was to be a cowboy, later a surfer, finally, an entertainer. Likes: the



# • / DICK CLARK'S • / NEWEST Find

color blue; steak, lobster, and popcorn; Paul Newman, Ann Margaret movies; Ford Cobras; Mod clothes; all water sports; likes surfing, sailing, waterskiing, skindiving, etc.; sports car racing; Beach movies. Collects skateboards and owns a BSA motorcycle. Lists his main worries in life as (1) "that smog will obliterate the sun," (2) "that Batman will be revealed" and (3) "that work will be stopped on the Toledo freeway."

**CRAIG ROBB**  
(drums)

Height: five feet 11 inches; weight: 158 lbs.; light brown hair, blue eyes; born in Milwaukee, August 25, 1947. Single. Started music lessons at age 9; attended St. Helens grade school in Milwaukee; Marquette High School; Marquette University for a time has published poetry in magazines; once had to change his bass drum style after breaking ankle. Likes: colors black, blue, and orange; spaghetti; Jaguar cars; writing poetry and listening to records; collects both LPs and books of poetry; the film "Lawrence Of Arabia;" simplicity in girls, sincerity; the words of Robert Frost; sports. Finds travel interferes with "social" life: "You meet a lot of people, but it's hard to have close relationships."

The time was late April, and the scene was the Chicago Amphi Theatre, site of the Dick Clark Teen Age Fair. The all-star musical bill included such acts as the Bobby Fuller Four, Paul Revere and the Raiders, Freddie Cannon, Lou Christie, and the Young Rascals, all in all, a very impressive line-up.

But as fate had it, the scene stealers of the Fair were none of these top stars. Instead, each day at the Fair, the thousands of teenagers attending were turned on by a dynamic new rock foursome composed of three brothers and a cousin.

They were — as every teen in that vast Amphi Theatre already knew — the Robbs.

Specifically, they are Dee Robb; his two brothers, Joe and Bruce Robb; and their cousin, Craig Robb. More importantly, their song "Race With The Wind" was an instantaneous hit with the teens and is now out on Mercury Records.

The response elicited by "Race With The Wind" was phenomenal — even for a frantic business like the teenage record market. Weeks before "Race With The Wind" was released for sale by Mercury, teenaged fans of the Robbs — many of whom had seen the group perform at the Dick Clark Fair — were calling Mercury's executive offices in Chicago in an effort to get the recording.

Why the instantaneous reaction to "Race With The Wind?" The song — written by Dee Robb — has the throbbing vitality, the urgency that immediately stamp it as being attuned to the pace of contemporary teens, so much so, in fact, that one Chicago radio station (WCFL) labelled "Race With The Wind" a "hit record" before it was even in general release.

Recently, in an interview, Dee Robb explained how he had developed the idea for the song:

"I was lying in bed when the idea for the song first hit me. I jumped up, turned on the light, and wrote the first verse right then."

"I wrote the middle verse first, and then the rest kind of developed from there."

"That's the part that goes:

It seems like I've never known

A morning I could call my own

A day when fate belonged to me  
To command as I see fitten.

The song, Dee says, stemmed from an experience that "almost everyone has had happen to them."

Specifically, the song details the lament of an individual who is free of social pretensions and sham and who sees things going on about him that his "friends" don't recognize. Ultimately, "Race With The Wind" is a song about honesty — a person being honest with himself.

In many respects, the song mirrors the personality of the four Robbs. The group is natural and responsible without ever once losing their innate sense of wit and humor.

The three brothers in the group — Dee, Joe, and Bruce all are natives of Ann Arbor, Michigan where they were born, respectively, in 1946, 1947 and 1948.

But the trio also calls Florida home today. All three attended school at one time in Clearwater, Florida, and Dee went to high school in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Their cousin, Craig, the fourth member of the group, is from Milwaukee where he attended St. Helen's grade school and Marquette High School and later went to Marquette University for a time.

The present foursome that constitutes the Robbs got together about two years ago when the three brothers were playing dates in Florida and suddenly found themselves in need of a drummer. From Wisconsin about that time came word through family circles that Craig, their cousin, who had been playing with a group of his own in that area was looking for a drummer's spot since his group had broken up. The solution was a natural: get together — which the boys did — and the Robbs were born.

All of the group began their musical career at relatively early ages. Dee and his brothers began playing instruments each at the age of seven years, while Craig got his first set of drums at age 9.

The pattern for the brothers in Florida and Craig in Wisconsin was essentially the same: both played for the usual run of school affairs. For the brothers in Florida, their first playing date was in a parade in the rear of a dump truck — and the group literally was dumped into the street when someone pulled the lever on the truck.

More recently, the Robbs have played a large number of club dates in the Eastern U.S. as well as concerts throughout the country. A few weeks back they filmed an appearance on Dick Clark's "Where The Action Is" at Chicago's famed Marina City.

Today, the Robbs live together in a house they have in Wisconsin, and when they are in Florida, they live with their parents at their home in Cape Coral, Fla.

However, with their new Mercury Record release of "Race With The Wind" off and moving, it seems more than likely that the Robbs will be spending less time in either place from now on, and their time — like their song — will be strictly a race with the wind. □



# Problems of a Ro

LYNN EASTON: OF THE KINGSMEN  
by Ann Hill



"I'd say offhand that being a rock and roll singer is the most hectic and profitable career a twenty-two year old guy could ever hope to find. In the past three years since our group first recorded *Louie Louie*, I've traveled across the country too many times to even mention, met some terrific people, learned how to live on less than three hours sleep a night, and made a heck of a lot of money."

This candid appraisal of what it's like to be the lead singer for one of America's top R&R groups came in a late night conversation with Lynn Easton. In addition to being the good looking blond haired, blue eyed vocalist for the Kingsmen, Lynn has written several of their hit songs such as *Louie Louie*, *Annie Fanny* and *Jolly Green Giant*, and is most articulate in his views about every subject imaginable, especially the entertainment business.



"No, I haven't always wanted to be in show business," Lynn said confidently. "There were about two months when I was four years old that I wanted to be a fireman. Other than that, fling into my childish imagination, I had myself pegged pretty accurately as a ham. I hadn't really made up my mind about what I wanted to do until after '*Louie Louie*' was released and things started happening so fast that most of my decisions were ready made."

"About how the Kingsmen got started, we all lived in Portland, Oregon and got together as teenagers to form a band. We'd take turns going to each other's houses to practice. Believe me the music was so loud and the playing was so bad that my parents dreaded to see us drag our instruments through the door. My Mom and Dad were constantly threatened to be run out of a perfectly respectable neighborhood if they didn't make us turn down the amplifiers. It wasn't until after we had graduated from high school and were attending college that people stopped plugging up their ears and started paying to hear us play."

Not knowing that he had attended college I inquired about what made him finally decide to leave school and go on the road.

"It wasn't an easy decision," Lynn said as he leaned forward in his chair

as if to stress an important point. "I knew I should stay in college and my parents wanted me to stay because they realized how difficult it would be for me to ever resume my education if I once quit school. But when you've got a hit record you lose somewhere around \$4,000 for every day you spend in the classroom. I decided that staying in college at that time would cost me more money than most people ever make in a lifetime. This is a crazy business and if you don't cash in on every break that comes, you may never get another chance."

Since he noted such a drastic change in the effect success plays on people, I asked him what he now considers to be the most important part of his life.

"My career. I think most kids my age are primarily concerned with a career. It's just that they're in the process of being trained for a profession and I spend 85 per cent of my time trying to promote and expand the career I've already got going. Three years ago my main objective was to get a hit record. Now, the most important thing in my life is for our next record to be a hit and the one after that, and the one after that."

Do you enjoy or sometimes feel uncomfortable to be a celebrity, was my next question as Lynn lit another ciga-



# ck & Roll Singer



rette to have time to prepare a suitable answer.

"I thoroughly enjoy the freedom of being able to take in a movie in the middle of the day or sleep until 2:00 P.M. and I like the prestige of having enough money to own my own home, and several businesses in Portland. My father is a banker and he takes care of most of my financial management for me. We've got money invested in everything from Real Estate to a Trailer Company. I find that most people respect the money that I make even if they loathe rock and roll singers.

"Most of all I enjoy meeting someone like you who seems to be much more interested in getting to know me, Lynn Easton, as an individual rather than me as a member of the Kingsmen. I've seen so many people become celebrities (in the mild sense of the word) and they almost instantly lose their own identity. I don't want this to happen to me.

"The main thing that bothers me about being somewhat of a celebrity is that sometimes it becomes almost impossible to truly communicate with people. They're so anxious to get my autograph or tear off my coat that very few of our fans even think of the individual members of the Kingsmen, or the Beatles, or the Stones as ordinary human beings.

"Whenever I have time, which is a rare commodity in this business, I like

to just sit around and talk with someone I've met backstage. This helps me keep my perspective of what's happening in the world outside of buses, airplanes, auditoriums and hotel rooms. But then it's hard to find someone other than the people I work with who doesn't already have some pre-conceived notion about what I should look like, how I should act, and what brand of cereal I should eat each morning."

Being flattered that I was one of the people who had passed the communication problem, I asked Lynn if he had encountered people who were unalterably prejudiced against celebrities.

"Yeah, I think so, but they're so hopelessly lost in their own inabilities that I don't worry about them too much," he said while adjusting the Lennon, or Dylan, or should we say Easton cap that he refuses to remove. "I talked with this reporter not long ago who asked me if I didn't feel better than other people since I had become an overnight celebrity. This really shocked me and made me halfway angry at first, but after I got to thinking about it, I had to admit that I do feel just a little superior to people who don't have any ambition or purpose for themselves. I don't mean that sarcastically, because there are millions of people who are far superior to me in what they are

doing. Every guy in our band is an excellent musician and I think we're better than most bands because we've worked day and night with the ambition to be the best we possibly can. That's not snobbery, it's self-preservation.

"I could never get the idea that I was more important than other people in any moral or sociological sense of the word, even if I were President of the United States. It's just that everyone has got to believe he has at least one talent or ability that is superior or he could not possibly live with himself."

We started talking about the differences in attitudes that old friends seem to have toward a person after he becomes more successful than they are at that moment.

"Just after the Kingsmen first started going on the road, I really looked for-

*{Continued on next page}*



{Continued from last page}

ward to going back home to be with our old gang of friends. But as time went by I got more deeply involved in what I was doing and they were equally involved in their special projects and it finally became obvious that we no longer had anything in common. Everyone seemed glad to see me but I felt like an outsider barging into their little worlds."

"Now, when we get a few days off for vacation the boys and I scatter in separate directions for maybe twenty-four hours until we've seen everyone. Then we start double dating together and going to the same places just like when we're on the road. People are usually isolated into divisions by their interests, and the fellows in our group have traveled together for so long that we just naturally have developed many of the same interests. Besides that, we spend so much time discussing music that people outside the business have no idea what we're talking about."

I asked Lynn what he would consider the highlight of his career.

"Definitely, when *Louie Louie* hit the top of the charts. Man, you had to give us a couple of bangs on top of the head to make us believe it was all real. I don't think there's anything more exciting for a young singer than to pick up a copy of *Billboard* and have your first record listed as Number One in the nation."

Trying to hedge around the subject of the hot-blooded controversy that surrounded the Kingsmen's first famous song, I asked if there had been some sort of legal conflict concerning the words to *Louie Louie*.

With a gigantic grin that went across the exterior of his face, Lynn cleared his throat briskly and said, "How about that! Yes, I would say there was some dispute over the lyrics and we heard, for awhile, that there might be a lawsuit but nothing ever happened."

"Late one afternoon, the guys and I were lounging around the hotel room in a town that I can't remember. We heard a knock on the door and I got up to let in the cleaning lady, I thought. When I nonchalantly swung open the door this ferocious man said, 'I'm from the F.B.I.' Like any red-blooded (chicken) American, I slammed the door in his face. He yelled through the window that he had to clear up some confusion about the words to our song, so we hesitantly let him inside.

"We were rather honored to learn that everyone in the F.B.I. had been listening to *Louie Louie*. Not because they thought it was such a terrific masterpiece but in an attempt to find out what we were saying. We couldn't have



**The Kingsmen stand in a line smiling as they hold coveted awards for eating 98 pounds of bananas for breakfast while watching the Gabby Hayes Show on a portable TV.**



**Dick Peterson says "My God, what am I doing here anyway?"**

asked to be investigated by a more likable F.B.I. agent, because after trying to track us down for at least two weeks while we were doing a one night stand tour, he had gained two aching feet and a lot of compassion for rock and roll singers."

"He asked us about the questionable lyrics and we said they simply weren't there. We signed a document proclaiming our innocence to all charges and our new found friend took his leave with a request that we try not to mumble so much in our next song."

As the sun began to make its appearance through the windows, we took one last break for our sleepy subject to light another cigarette, and I asked him about his ultimate ambitions for the future.

"As far as my personal ambitions are concerned, I want to go into acting. The Kingsmen have made several cameo appearances in the movies. That's where you go into a studio and tape a song without having anything else to do with the movie. We'd eventually like to do some straight acting like Jay and the Americans did last summer in summer stock theatre with *Bye Bye Birdie*."

"If the group ever decides to split up, I'd like to take acting lessons and really prepare myself to be a good actor. That's what I want to do, and there are quite a few influential people who are encouraging me to give it a try. I'm just kind of going along with the tide and hoping that I won't drown."

About this time Lynn broke the spell of concentration and asked for volunteers to go up on the hotel roof to watch the sunrise. Before leaving the room, I commented that I really dug the great looking clothes the Kingsmen wore (especially their bright yellow stage jackets).

He gave me a mischievous wink and said "That's one of the advantages of being a rich rock and roll singer, you can finally afford to have your clothes custom made at 'See-airs' (which he pronounced with a distinct accent). I just stared at him and tried to not show my ignorance at not ever hearing of the place.

Seeing that he had me thoroughly confused, Lynn laughed and said "Don't tell me you've never heard of 'See-airs' and opened up the front of his sports coat to reveal a label clearly marked 'Sears & Roebuck'." □



## ●LITTLE GIRL

(As recorded by Syndicate Of Sound/  
Bell)

**BOB GONZALEZ**

**DON BASKIN**

Hey, little girl  
You don't have to hide nothin' no more  
You didn't do nothin' that hadn't been  
done before  
Little girl, thought she wouldn't get caught  
you see  
She thought she'd get away with going  
out on me  
Other girls did it, you didn't think of  
nothin' new  
You went out on me so other girls did  
it too.

You can leave little girl  
I don't want you around no more  
If you come knockin' you won't get past  
my door  
You got nothin' to hide  
Everybody knows it's true  
Too bad little girl it's all over for you.  
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## ●I WASHED MY HANDS IN MUDDY WATER

(As recorded by Johnny Rivers/Im-  
perial)

**JOE BABCOCK**

I was born in Macon, Georgia  
They kept my daddy in the Macon jail  
He said son if you keep your hands clean  
You won't hear those blood hounds on  
your trail.

I fell in with bad companions  
Robbed a man up in Tennessee  
And I got caught way up in Nashville  
They locked me up and they threw away  
the key.

I washed my hands in muddy water  
I washed my hands but they didn't come  
clean  
I tried to do like my daddy told me  
I must have washed my hands in a muddy  
stream.

I asked the jailer, I said when's my time  
up  
He said son you know we won't forget  
And if you try just to keep your hands  
clean  
Why we may just make a good man  
of you yet.

But I couldn't wait to get my time in  
I broke out, broke out of the Nashville  
jail  
I just crossed the line of Georgia  
And I can hear those blood hounds on  
my trail.

I washed my hands in muddy water  
I washed my hands but they didn't come  
clean  
I tried to do like my daddy told me  
I must have washed my hands in a muddy  
stream.

I washed my hands in muddy water  
I washed my hands but they didn't come  
clean  
I tried to do what my daddy told me  
I must have washed my hands in a muddy  
stream.

Oh Lord, I must have washed my hands  
in a muddy stream  
I guess I must have washed my hands  
in a muddy stream.

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Inc.

## ●DON'T BRING ME DOWN

(As recorded by The Animals/MGM)

**GERRY GOFFIN**

**CAROLE KING**

When you complain and criticize  
I feel I'm nothing in your eyes  
It makes me feel like giving up  
Because my best just ain't good enough  
Girl I want to provide for you  
And do the things you want me to  
Oh but please  
Oh don't bring me down  
Baby, please don't bring me down  
(oh no you don't bring me down)  
Oh don't bring me down  
I'm beggin' you baby  
Please don't bring me down.

Girl I know I can keep you satisfied  
Just as long as you give me back my  
pride  
Baby, sacrifices I will make  
I'm ready to give as well as take  
One thing I need is your respect  
One thing I can't take is your neglect  
More than anything I need your love  
Then trouble's easy to rise above baby  
(Repeat chorus).

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## ●LIL RED RIDING HOOD

(As recorded by Sam the Sham and  
the Pharoahe/MGM)

**RONALD BLACKWELL**

Ooh, who's that I see walking in these  
woods  
Why it's Lil Red Riding Hood  
Hey there, Lil Red Riding Hood  
You sure are looking good  
You're everything a big bad wolf could  
want  
Listen to me Lil Red Riding Hood  
I don't think little big girls should go  
walking in these spooky old woods  
alone.

Ooh! What big eyes you have  
The kind of eyes that drive wolves mad  
So just to see that you don't get chased  
I think I ought to walk with you for  
a way.

What full lips you have  
You're sure to lure someone bad  
So until you get to grandma's place  
I think you ought to walk with me and  
be safe.

I'm gonna keep my sheep suit on  
Until I'm sure that you've been shown  
That I can be trusted walkin' with you  
alone  
Ooh, Lil Red Riding Hood  
I'd like to hold you safe and good  
But you might think I'm a big bad  
wolf so I won't.

Ooh, what a big heart I have  
The better to love you with, Lil Red  
Riding Hood  
Even bad wolves can be good  
Ooh, I'll try to be satisfied  
Just to walk close by your side  
Maybe you'll see things my way  
Before we get to grandma's place.

Hey there, Lil Red Riding Hood  
You sure are looking good  
You're everything that a big bad  
wolf could want

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Inc.

## ●PRETTY FLAMINGO

(As recorded by Manfred Mann/United  
Artists)

**MARK BARKAN**

On our block all of the kids  
Call her Flamingo  
'Cause her hair glows like the sun  
And her eyes can light the skies  
When she walks she moves so fine  
Like a Flamingo  
Crimson dress that clings so tight  
Out of reach and out of sight.

When she walks by she brightens  
up the neighborhood  
Oh ev'ry guy would make her his if  
he just could  
If she just would  
Some sweet day I'll make her mine  
Pretty Flamingo  
Then everyone will envy me  
'Cause Paradise is where I'll be.  
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## ●MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones/  
London)

**MICK JAGGER**

**KEITH RICHARD**

What a drag it is getting old  
It's all different today  
I hear every mother say  
Mother needs something today to calm  
her down  
And though she's not really ill  
There's a little yellow pill  
She goes running for the shelter of her  
mother's little helper  
And it helps her on her way  
Gets her through her busy day.

Things are different today  
I hear every mother say  
Cooking fresh food for her husband's  
just a drag  
So she buys an instant cake and she  
finds a frozen steak  
And goes running for the shelter of her  
mother's little helper  
And to help her on her way  
Gets her through her busy day.

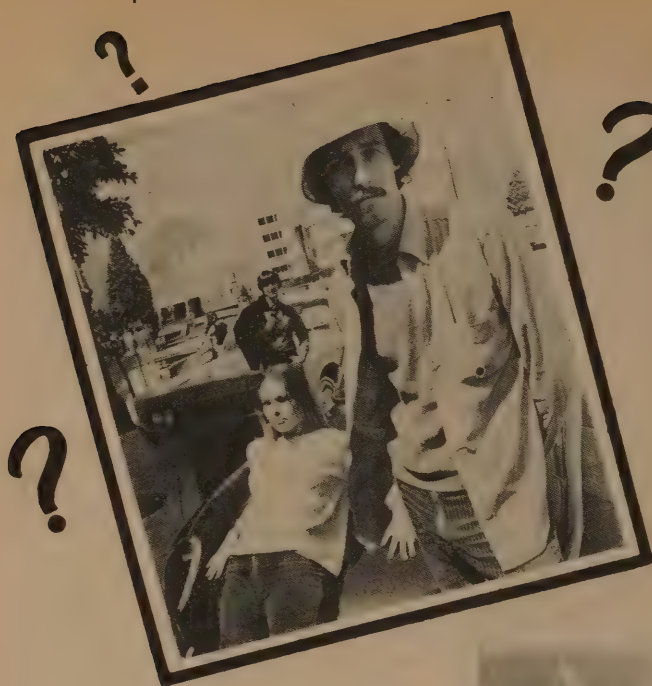
Doctor, please, some more of these  
Outside the door she took four more  
What a drag it is getting old.

Men just aren't the same today  
I hear every mother say  
They just don't appreciate that you  
get tired  
They're so hard to satisfy  
You could tranquilize your mind  
So go running for the shelter of her  
mother's little helper  
And it will help you through the night,  
help to minimize your flight.

Doctor, please, some more of these  
Outside the door she took four more  
What a drag it is getting old.

Life's just much too hard today  
I hear every mother say  
The pursuit of happiness just seems  
a bore  
And if you take more of those  
You will get an overdose  
No more running for the shelter of her  
mother's little helper  
They just helped you on your way  
through your busy dying day.  
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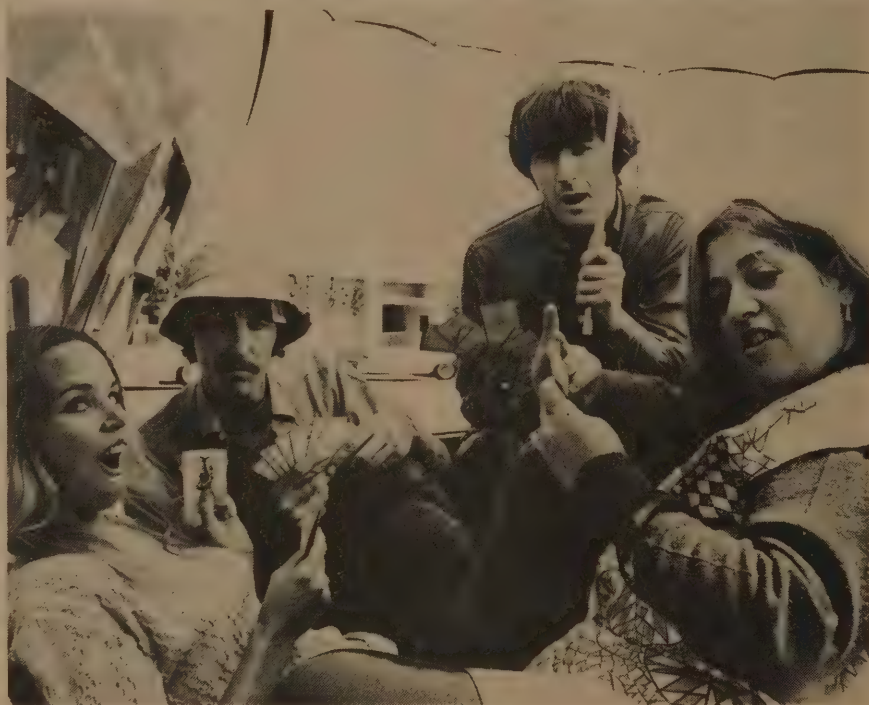
# "Would You believe your nose & mouth?"

The Mamas and Papas are from New York; that is, most recently from New York. They now live in Los Angeles (Laurel Canyon, to be more specific), but they weren't born in either place. Denny Doherty is from Halifax, Nova Scotia ("Subject of the crown and all that, you know"); John Phillips and Cass Elliot hail from Alexandria, Virginia, although they didn't meet until New York; and Michelle Gilliam was born in Long Beach, California but raised in Los Angeles.

So where are they now? In Laurel Canyon, like we said; they also happen to be very near the top of the market pop-music-wise. Their first smash, "California Dreamin'" (penned by John and Michelle), was the biggest record in Boston in 15 years — a dubious

feat, but it also was one of the biggest singles in the rest of the country. Their second effort (written by John alone) was "Monday Monday," and it went to the #1 spot. Their album is near the top of the charts, called, appropriately enough, "If You Believe Your Eyes and Ears." "Our next album will be called 'Would You Believe Your Nose and Mouth,'" said Cass. She may have been kidding.

The foursome is definitely different, even in the pop music field. If categories are your bag, you might call them intellectual hippies. They take everything in stride and aren't unduly impressed by life or success or any of those transitory things. They dig pleasure and people and nightlife and music. They dig Hollywood, too, except that they miss the kind of life they had in New York.



"It's a funny thing out here," said John. "In New York the kids are closer together, everything's happening in just a few square blocks. There's more of an intellectual atmosphere there, like with movies and things. Out here, kids seem to have to freak out before they'll

groove with something intellectual. They can't look at something straight, it has to have emotional kicks. Some of them don't seem to think too far beyond the next Rolling Stones single."

"On the other hand," said Cass, "most of our friends are out here now. Most of the people we're tight with are those who were somehow involved with the folk thing — liked the Spoonful, the Byrds.

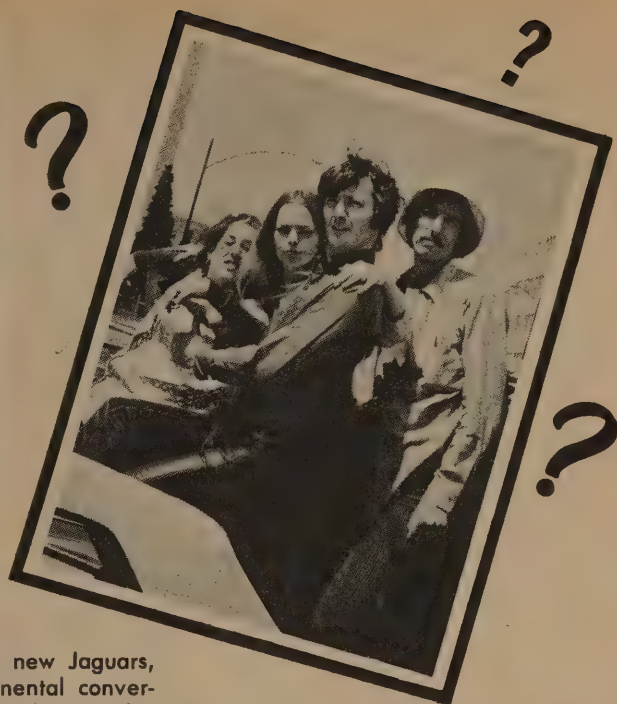
"Here in California," resumed John, "everyone seems obligated to be outside, to be healthy and soak up that sun. There's money and sun and fun out here, it isn't grubby and intimate like New York."

They were in New York collectively about 17 years (five each for John and Cass, four for Denny, three for Michelle). Denny wandered down from Canada seeking employment as a singer-musician, as did Cass and John from their native Alexandria. Michelle was a model ("Mostly lingerie") who found New York not quite so easy-going as good old LA. "I found out I couldn't just walk up to a stranger and ask him what time it was without getting attacked," she said somewhat ruefully.



# the MAMAS & PAPAS

BY  
LESLIE REED



Their musical career-type history begins in New York; at one time or another, Cass, Denny, and John have sung (together or separately) with the Journeymen, the New Journeymen, the Halifax Three, and the Mugwumps. Their paths kept crossing and re-crossing, along with the paths of John Sebastian and Zal Yanovsky, but nothing seemed to firm up for very long.

Things got even less firm for awhile — the four took off for the Virgin Islands, where they lay around and "rested" for a whole summer. After their restful summer they returned to New York to work on the career again, but after a short time there they decided to head for the West Coast.

"I was the one who decided to go first, and they followed later. Just to keep the record straight," Cass said that.

Things weren't any better in Los Angeles, where they took the Bohemian road for awhile. When suddenly things became very firm. Barry McGuire met them, said he was recording that night and that they should come along and audition for Lou Adler, head of Dunhill Records. They did so, and signed the contract the next day.

The strange part of this saga is not that Mr. Adler scooped the record world by signing them, but that no one else had done so long before that. The Mamas and Papas have the kind of talent that can be appreciated by all ages and sizes. It's called simply good voices, good arrangements, good songs. They may look a little far out, but their singing is way in. They'll headline a future Rodgers and Hart television special along with Andy Williams and Nancy Wilson. That's class, man, and they've got their own special brand of it.

But in spite of all their cool, there were small traces of enthusiasm and "look at us, we've made it" pride. Like

their cars — two brand new Jaguars, a Porsche, and a Continental convertible. And as for posing for photographs, they just don't come any better. Give them a situation and a place to stand, and they come up with a three act play, complete with dialogue and stage business...like the card game in the trunk of Denny's car!

Michelle is the photographic "up-stager" of the group. Whatever the pose, no matter how unusual, she always flashes a look that captures attention. Plus the fact that she's somewhat attractive (ok, ok, she's beautiful...).

Cass is exactly as one would expect her to be (meaning exactly as this writer expected her to be). She's candid, funny, with a Phyllis Diller delivery (but without the laugh). Unaffected, straight-forward, unself-conscious.

Denny is quiet, but he grooves with the others and occasionally pulls off a very funny line or stunt. But most of the time he just stands around and looks handsome and masculine — without really trying too hard.

John looks like he just left the Ozarks or the cattle range, except that he wears beat-up tennies and lavender socks. He's lanky but not awkward, and he has that quality that makes people listen when he speaks. Part of that quality is intelligence and humor, just for starters.

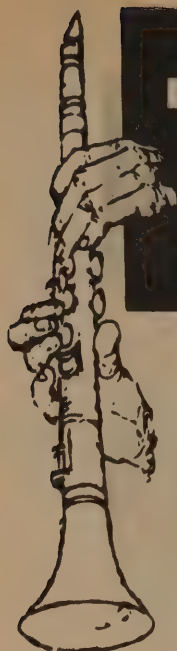
If you're waiting impatiently for this group to visit your town, we suggest you study yoga or just wring your hands. They play it cool, because they are, and they don't like to work very hard. "Clubs are hard work; there's too much going on for anyone to really pay attention to what you're doing," said John. "And besides," added Cass, "three shows a night, every night... forget it." They do give an occasional concert, and some television is scheduled. Keep your eyes on coming attractions.



**Michelle is really pretty. Last we heard she and John are no longer married.**

So what do they do with all their free time? "I write a lot," said John. "John has a lovely pool," said Michelle. "We go out a lot," said Cass. They just sort of groove together. Or separately. Or in pairs. Whatever's right. □





# Tempo

by Jim Delehant

Pete Johnson was the greatest blues pianist to come out of Kansas City, an area that was as important to the development of jazz as New Orleans, Chicago and New York. His great talent did not limit him to the boogie woogie style he was known for. He played ballads with a tender touch, or pounded out the blues with fervent enthusiasm. He was an inventive soloist and in great demand as an accompanist.

Pete's own favorite form of music was, and still is, the blues. He does not think boogie woogie is completely dead. Meade Lux Lewis, an old friend of Pete's, still plays it in its pure form on the West Coast and occasionally in New York Clubs. "It was a fad and it died," says Pete, "like a dance. It was played for years before it became popular and was a way of life for the Negro in the early 1900's. It is just a type of blues no longer popular. You can hear boogie woogie every day in the blues and popular music of today. I can hear some of the licks I played years ago in popular music, jazz, blues and the like. Boogie woogie was just another form of blues. There is so much you can do with the blues."

Between 1938 and 1943, boogie woogie was the big rage and just like everybody else, Pete was tired of playing the same kind of music all the time. He liked to play all kinds. In fact, he had to know most of the standard tunes of the day to play on request. Pete says that boogie woogie is dead for him now because he can no longer play the up-tempo things. But he still can play some very pretty ballads on the battered upright in his modest four room apartment on a quiet residential street in a low-rent section of Buffalo, New York.



In the past, Pete has been associated with just about all the big names you can think of. He first met Count Basie in Kansas City and was there when the famous Basie band was organized. Ben Webster lived across the street from Pete in K.C. and used to come over for a lesson in left hand on the piano. Jay McShann was a good friend and he knew and worked with Julia Lee in K.C. Both Benny and Buster Moten were friends and Buster used to teach Pete a few things on piano. He worked with Buster Smith in K.C. and New York and recorded with him for Decca. Fats Waller was Pete's all-time favorite pianist and good friend. He first met James P. Johnson in K.C. which began a long friendship. Cripple Clarence Lofton, Peggy Lee, Dinah Shore (worked the famous "Lower Basin Street Society" with Dinah and Henry Levine on N.B.C.) Worked with Joe Williams before he joined Basie. Worked and recorded with Jimmy Rushing, Teddy Wilson, Lonnie Johnson. You name them and Pete was associated with them. "I got a lot of favorites. No one particular. Every time I hear someone play, I like him or her until I hear someone else."

Pete's best known tunes were written with Joe Turner. "Roll 'Em Pete" and "Wee Baby Blues" are now standard items in any blues catalog. "Roll 'Em Pete" started out as a tune he and Joe did in the clubs in K.C. According to Pete's story, the crowd would want some blues and the bartender would shout "Roll 'Em, Pete."

Pete and Joe were working at the Sunset Crystal Palace and doing radio broadcast remotes when they were heard by John Hammond, then a talent scout. This was in the early 1930's. Hammond came to KC to hear them in person. In 1936 Hammond sent them a telegram asking them to come to New York City. They went, but it turned out to be a bad time of year, jobs were scarce. So back to K.C. In 1938,

Hammond once sent word for them to come to NYC, but this time, for a series of concerts he was presenting at Carnegie Hall - "Spirituals To Swing." It was there that Pete first met Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons. The three made a natural combination onstage presenting the then popular style of piano...boogie woogie.

In 1952 he joined the "Piano Parade" concert tour which featured Pete and Lux Lewis, the Art Tatum Trio and the Erroll Garner Trio. This was just one of the many tours and concerts leading up to 1958.

In 1958, Norman Granz asked Pete to join and accompany Joe Turner on a "Jazz at the Philharmonic" tour to Europe, which started at the Brussels World's Fair and continued on to Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Italy, ending in Paris. After this tour, Pete was asked to be in the house band and to be featured at the blues portion of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival. His old friend, John Hammond and George Wein, producer of the Festival, extended the invitation. He backed Joe Turner, Big Maybelle, Chuck Berry and many others. Before and after the festival, he worked at the Berkshire Music Barn. These were the last major dates Pete played. While working around Buffalo and Niagara Falls in the winter of 1958, Pete suffered a series of strokes, which caused him to lose the strength in his hands and also his tremendous coordination. Since that time, he has not worked. He survived on a small government pension, occasional royalties from records and donations from his many admirers. Most of the latter seem to be in Europe.

Pete could not read or write music but he could create spontaneously, using the vast knowledge of his idiom. His unfortunate mishaps have prevented him from playing today but judging by his magnificent past, it doesn't seem fair to forget him. □



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## ●RAIN

(As recorded by The Beatles/Capitol)  
**JOHN LENNON**  
**PAUL MCCARTNEY**

If the rain comes they run and hide their heads  
They might as well be dead  
If the rain comes, if the rain comes  
When the sun shines  
They slip into the shade  
And sip their lemonade  
When the sun shines, when the sun shines  
Ra-a-a-a-in, I don't mind  
Shi-i-i-ne, the weather's fine  
I can show you that when it starts to rain  
Everything's the same  
I can show you, I can show you  
Ra-a-a-in, I don't mind  
Shi-i-i-ne, the weather's fine  
Can you hear me that when it rains and shines  
It's just a state of mind  
Can you hear me, can you hear me.

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## ●AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG

(As recorded by The Temptations/Gordy)  
**E. HOLLAND**  
**N. WHITFIELD**

I know you wanna leave me  
But I refuse to let you go  
If I have to beg, plead for your sympathy  
I don't mind because you mean that much to me  
Ain't too proud to beg and you know it  
Please don't leave me girl  
Don't you go  
Ain't too proud to plead, baby, baby  
Please don't leave me girl  
Baby don't you go.

Now I've heard a crying man is half a man with no sense of pride  
But if I have to cry to keep you  
I don't mind weeping  
If it'll keep you by my side  
Ain't too proud to beg, sweet darling  
Please don't leave me girl  
Ain't too proud to plead, baby, baby  
Please don't leave me girl  
Don't you go.

If I have to sleep on your doorstep all night and day  
Just to keep you from walking away  
Let your friends laugh even this I can stand  
'Cause I want to keep you anyway I can  
Ain't too proud to beg, sweet darling  
Please don't leave me girl  
Don't you go  
Ain't too proud to plead, baby, baby  
Please don't leave me girl  
Now I've got a love so deep in the pit of my heart  
And each day it grows more and more  
I'm not ashamed to come and plead to you baby  
If pleading keeps you from walking out that door  
(Repeat chorus).

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# LETTER FROM LONDON

{Cont. From Page 35}

for groups to change around their line-up every so often. But there again it wouldn't be practical; photographs would never be up to date and picture editors would go frantic!

Once upon a time a club called the CROMWELLIAN was very popular with the groups in London. Then it was 'OUT' but 'OUT'. The reason? Lots of little things...like insisting that people wear ties etc; and chucking people out bang on the dot of 2:00 a.m. when it closes. Now it has crept back into popularity again. The other night I went down with the ANIMALS (to celebrate my writing for HIT PARADER -) and it was packed! We hadn't booked a table and so had to split up...CHAS (CHANDLER) and ERIC at one table and DAVE ROWBERRY



Miranda Ward with Wayne Fontana & a Fat Freeb.



Our new London reporter, Miranda, clowns with Zal Spoonful.

and myself at another, we joined WAYNE FONTANA and then as more space was made CHRIS FARLOWE and TOM JONES joined us...and a swinging time was had by all...Isn't "Wild Thing" by the Troggs a gas? Two labels are fighting over the rights to the song.

A group to look out for is The SMALL FACES, they should be very big in the STATES - they are here...Will HERMAN dedicate a song to JUNE on his next L.P.?

TOM JONES and WAYNE FONTANA only met really properly a few weeks ago...now they meet for a chat whenever they both have time off in London, - to talk about music...The MAMAS & THE PAPAS will go over very big when they come here - the door to success has been opened for them by the fantastic SPOONFUL...

DAVE ROWBERRY has a problem - what to do with his car when away on tour (he has no garage), then he thought 'what does HILTON do?'...so he asked him, but it didn't help - HILTON's car is always in the garage when he is away, he either has a crash or it breaks down, and is repaired whilst he is out of town...needless to say DAVE is not thinking of following suit!...An English duo that have a fantastic stage act are the TRUTH - in time they will be big over here...

We haven't seen the HOLLIES for a long time - don't be selfish! Paul Jones (singer - Manfred Mann) and Animals read Hit Parader. David Balfentyne (an 18yr. old English boy) could well take over from HERMAN - he could even be bigger than - he writes all his own material. □

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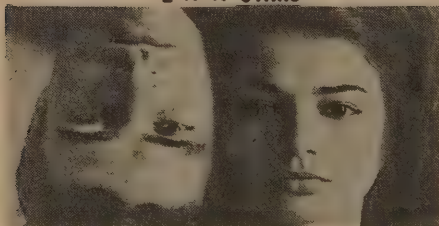
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# CAMERA 5

# FIVE MOVIE REVIEWS AND RATINGS

2 ★ ★ STARS



**A YOUNG WORLD** is a stimulating film in spite of occasional moments of disappointment, particularly toward the end. Most impressive is the direction by Vittorio DeSica. Real things happen in a sometimes unreal, otherworldly way - just like in real life. The story is simple: a young Italian, Carlo (Nino Castelnuovo) meets a pretty French girl, Anne (Christine Delaroche) at a loud party, and they fall in love - much too fast. She is a medical student, he a photographer (part of DeSica's genius is in the way he films the story through the 'eyes' of the photographer). By the time they are beginning to get to know each other, Anne is already pregnant. They break up in a classic way (he buries himself in work, she becomes obsessed waiting for him to call). She goes after him finally.

3 ★ ★ ★ STARS



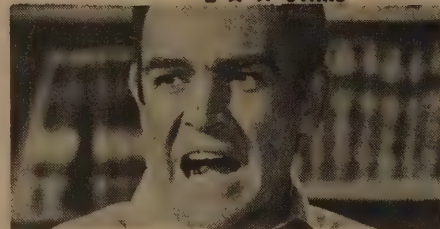
**LT. ROBIN CRUSOE, U.S.N.** Is that a cute title, hmm? Dick Van Dyke plays a castaway Navy man who does not - repeat - does not succumb to the charms of the only other human being on the island: a beautiful native girl played by Nancy Kwan. Anyway, the girl recruits Robin Crusoe to help her and her soon-to-arrive sisters to stand up for their rights against her father Chief Tanamashu, ruler of a neighboring island. He isn't such great shakes at it, but they manage to convince Tanamashu (Akim Tamiroff) to give the girls the right to marry whom they wish. Lots of broad humor, flawless Van Dyke timing and beautiful tropical scenery.

2 ★ ★ STARS



**UP TO HIS EARS** Can you imagine a movie with Jean-Paul Belmondo plus Ursula Andress - that doesn't quite make it? Well, don't bother imagining - it's called 'Up to His Ears,' based on a Jules Verne novel. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays a jaded young millionaire with a death wish. No wonder; he's engaged to a terrible bore of a girl (of course it's not her). He loses his millions...takes out a big insurance policy...tells a friend to finish him off and keep the money. Simple enough - until he meets exotic stripteaser-cum-archeological-student Ursula, who gives him the will to live, as you can well imagine. But he can't find the friend who's on his trail - so now they're really on the run, just to stay alive.

2 ★ ★ STARS



**A FINE MADNESS** misses as a movie, but it was a game try. James Bond - I mean Sean Connery - plays Samson Shillitoe, 'sensitive but violently impulsive poet' a la Dylan Thomas or Brendan Behan. Violently impulsive he is, but we were not convinced of his sensitivity. Also, this is in the vein of black humor - but borderline black humor, and when something's between maudlin and funny, that's kind of nowhere, right? Samson can't get along because he's too sensitive and he hits people, and in Manhattan that just doesn't go. All he wants is to finish his epic poem, but things like back alimony, rent, women, society and pregnant wives keep interfering.

5 ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ STARS



**THE MAGIC MUSTACHE** really delves into the problem of left over TV dinners, a modern social phenomenon known to anyone who has ever left the peas and carrots untouched. You see, this guy with a mustache (Benton Simply) owns a TV dinner factory and he's trying to figure out a way to make chicken soup stay in the tinfoil plate. Well, boy, does he have problems. During an experiment, thirty three ladies are called in to watch Peyton Place and just as Rodney proposes to Ann, Martin Peyton beats up Allison and Steven steals Rita's car to elope with Julie. Boy, well just than all the ladies flip out and the tinfoil plates crumple up and the chicken soup goes all over their dresses. Needless to say, Benton has failed, but his pet mustache keeps him company.



# Platter Chatter

LOVE has an interesting album. Love, by the way, is the name of the group. If you like the Rolling Stones or Byrds you'll love LOVE. Very often it seems like the lead singer Arthur Lee, a Negro, is trying to sound like Mick Jagger. That's funny...Mick Jagger usually tries to sound Negro when he sings. Many of the tunes on the album, "My Flash On To You" or "You I'll Be Following" for example, abound with carbon copies of Byrd sounds. But little glimmering patches of originality are evident here and there in the vocals and the skillful instrumental playing and the songwriting. And there's a catchy arrangement of "My Little Red Book" that was on the charts recently. Also, the album contains 14 songs, a welcome bonus these days when most record companies try to short change you with only 11 numbers on an l.p. The large color photos on both sides of the record jacket are handsome and the stereo is groovy. (ELEKTRA EKS-74001)

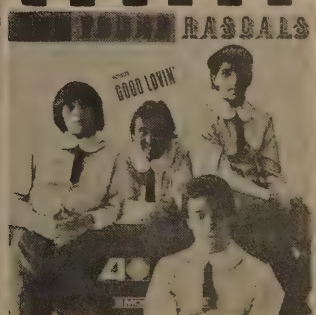
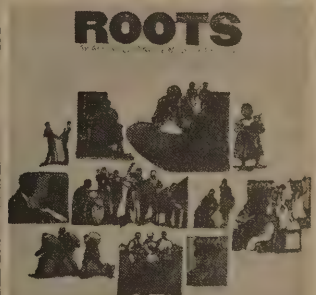
DUEL AT DIABLO is further proof that any movie or TV soundtrack written by Neal Hefti is a guarantee of good listening. Hefti has created some original Western movie music with vivid titles like "Fight At Diablo Pass", "The Earth Runs Red", "Rescue From Ritual", "Dust To Dust" and the title melody "Duel At Diablo." Some of it even has a rock and roll beat. That's progress. Anyway, it's a very nice album. (UNITED ARTISTS UAL 4139)

SOUL AND INSPIRATION and "HE", two of the Righteous Brothers' biggest and best hits, are in their first Verve album. The boys are in typical powerful-sounding voice, backed by their dynamic band, on ten other tunes too. They put their individual stamp on oldies like the swinging "Turn On Your Love Lights", the soulful "Bring It On Home" and "Change Is Gonna Come", a smooth "Hey Girl" and lots more good stuff. Their band even gets the spotlight all to itself in the instrumental "Rat Race". All the many fans of Bill and Bob will really enjoy this album, especially in stereo. {VERVE V6-5001}

TIME WON'T LET ME was the first big hit for the Outsiders and now they have an album by that name. They followed their rocking hard-driving hit with a smooth romantic ballad, "Girl In Love," which is in the l.p. too. Such an abrupt change of pace for a follow-up record is rare nowadays but the Outsiders don't want any musical limitations imposed on themselves. They try a few songs that have been done by other groups {Herman's Hermit's "Listen People", The Temptations' "My Girl", Jay & The Americans' "She Cried" among others} with mixed results. The Outsiders are best doing their own material, which is very good. {CAPITOL T 2501}

ROOTS is a fascinating panorama of Negro music in America from the spirituals and work songs right up to the Rhythm and Blues of today. A brief but informative narrative between the songs provides an enlightening history. Beginning with the religious music of the slaves, the Voices Incorporated include an African chant, early expressions of the blues, street songs, children's rhythm games, Gospel music (there's a difference between Gospel and spiritual music, as this album illustrates), jazz and finally Rock and Roll. The liner notes explain the development of the music that has become such a dominant influence around the world. If you dig where R&B is at today, listen to this album and find out where it came from. (COLUMBIA CL 2393)

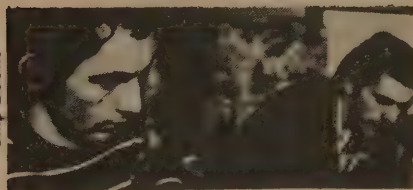
THE YOUNG RASCALS are one of those groups that's best appreciated in person. But if they're not appearing in your neighborhood this week, you can simulate a typical Rascal performance right in your very home. First you put their album on the phonograph and fill a room with wall-to-wall people, {Rascal concerts are always crowded}. Everybody has to jostle each other and jump up and down. While tunes like "Good Lovin'" or "I Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart Anymore" or "Slow Down" wail in the background, toss the record jacket up in the air {the Rascals jump up and down a lot} and dip it in water {they perspire profusely too} and scream and yell...and that's what it's like in-person...more or less. {ATLANTIC 8123}



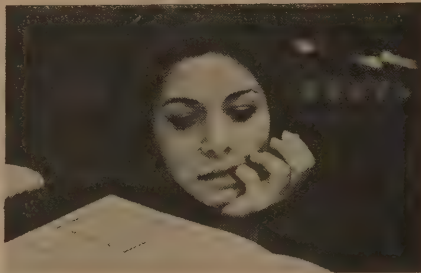




# GRANNY'S



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Barry & Cynthia Mann

Pop Singers **LOU CHRISTIE** and **TIMMI YURO** have announced their engagement, and said they plan to marry in Los Angeles...**JOHN LENNON'S** father made a remark recently which really put **JOHN'S** fans up tight. Said the elder **LENNON**, "**JOHN** might have a million, but it would cost him more than a million to live the kind of life I've led." To which **JOHN'S** fans answered: "So, who'd want to?"... **JOE BUTLER** (**LOVIN' SPOONFUL**) stopped into his favorite village club the Night Owl and played drums with '**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**', a group formed by **STEVE BOONE'S** brother, **SKIP**...**ROD McKUEN** owns a music publishing business with singer **GLEN YARBROUGH** and recently completed an album called, "**GLEN YARBROUGH SINGS THE LOVE SONGS OF ROD McKUEN**"... While **PETULA CLARK** was appearing for three weeks at the Cocoanut Grove, many honors were bestowed upon her, such as a '**PET CLARK LOOK ALIKE CONTEST**' on 9th Street West and Lloyd Thaxton presented her with a Grammy for '**IKNOWA PLACE**'... Wondering what's happened to **BOBBY RYDELL**? He just closed a most successful engagement at '**THE TOP HAT**' in Ontario, and is currently on the road hitting the Eastern cities...**LOVIN' SPOONFUL'S** **JOHN SEBASTIAN** just became the proud parent of a lilac point siamese cat - her name Roo, was taken from Winnie The Pooh - says John, "I've never seen a cat before that cries like a baby dog, jumps like a Kangaroo and cuddles like a baby" - Besides Roo, John has a beautiful 12 week old Golden Retriever named Kahuna...Speaking of The Lovin' Spoonful, Zal Yanovsky's latest hobby is guitars, Zal is the proud owner of three electric and two acoustic guitars - on the side, he collects rings...**THE BOBBY FULLER FOUR** were almost arrested in New England for driving their equipment truck with dealer plates...New York songwriter, **BARRY MANN**, of Mann & Weil fame, who has penned such hits as "Soul and Inspiration," "Kicks," "Lovin' Feeling," etc. plans on recording his own material this fall...**THE REMAINS** rushed off to a concert in Vermont and forgot their lead guitarist. Vern had to rent a private plane and landed in front of the college auditorium...**ELVIS PRESLEY** and his steady **PRISCILLA BEAULIEU** actually visited a late spot. For fear of being mobbed, **ELVIS** doesn't even go to restaurants, but he and **PRISCILLA** were at **THE RED VELVET NIGHT CLUB** (in Los Angeles) on talent night. Along with Elvis' usual retinue, they occupied three booths...The KiKi Boutique in New York City created a collection of summer fashions



# GOSSIP

(Got any questions about the stars? write to Granny c/o Hit Parader 529 5th Ave., New York, N.Y.)



Joe Butler



John & Lorey



Norma Tanega

for **NORMA TANEGA** to unveil on her recent tour of England...**THE ROLLING STONES**, no strangers to millions of dollars for their disk output, will receive \$1 million to perform in their first film...**LESLEY GORE** was offered to be a regular on **THE MILTON BERLE T.V. SHOW** this fall, **LESLEY** had to turn it down because of school...**HERMAN'S HERMITS** out sold **THE BEATLES** last year in record sales... **THE YOUNG RASCALS** are writing their own material, their next single will be penned by them... **GARY LEWIS** makes his first debut in "**STUDENT TOUR**"...**THE BEATLES AND ROLLING STONES** refused to be televised at a local big beat concert on grounds that the sound system at the stadium was not-so-hot...**MARK LINDSAY** (Paul Revere & The Raiders) wears colored contact lenses, usually a blue and a green lens...**SONNY and CHER'S** first movie "**GOOD TIMES**" is about two singers who are offered a movie contract, **SONNY'S** head spins. In order, he imagines himself as 1) Sheriff Irving Ringo (with Cher as both Nelle Belle dance hall queen, and Irene Goodnight, schoolmarm) 2) Jungle Morry, reared by apes (with Cher as his mate Zora) and 3) Bogie Man, private eye (with Cher as sultry songstress Samantha)...



Sonny & Cher

I'm sad to tell you the **MFQ** recently broke up. The members all wanted to go their separate musical ways... **PAUL ANKA** and his lovely wife expect their first bundle of joy this December...Would you believe that **DON ADAMS**, star of "Get Smart" just came out with a very funny book titled "Would You Believe...?"...American servicemen in Viet Nam voted the **SUPREMES** their favorite vocal trio...The **ROLLING STONES** make their movie debut in "Only Lovers Left Alone" based on a novel about today's rebellious youth. They won't appear as a group... each will have separate roles...**GENE CLARK** who flew away from the Byrds has a group entitled **GENE CLARK AND THE GROUP**. Members include **CHIP DOUGLAS**, formerly of the MFQ, the one-time leader of the **LEAVES** and former drummer of the **GRASS-ROOTS**. They made their debut at the Whiskey A Go-Go...Because of immigration department hanky panky, **THEM** will be the first British group to play for dancing in Los Angeles...Spoonful leader, **JOHN SEBASTIAN**, has been secretly married to a lovely young lady named **LOREY KAYE** who either works for London records or writes a gossip column for a famous magazine...please write to your Granny. I'll send you personal reply. Bye, Bye, for now dearies. □



Mark Lindsay



Elvis Presley



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16. Julie Andrews
17. Paul Anka
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20. Max Baer, Jr.
21. Carroll Baker
22. Tony Bill
23. Bill Bixby
24. Dan Blocker
25. Patty Boyd

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27. Richard Burton
28. Angela Cartwright
29. Richard Chamberlain
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109



114



112

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## ●SUNNY

(As recorded by Bobby Hebb/Philips)

**BOBBY HEBB**

Sunny, yesterday my heart was filled  
with rain  
Sunny, you smiled at me and really eased  
the pain  
The dark days are done and the bright  
days are here  
My sunny one shines so sincere  
Sunny one so true, I love you.

Sunny, thank you for the sunshine  
bouquet.

Sunny, thank you for the love you  
brought my way

You gave to me your all and all  
Now I feel ten feet tall

Sunny one so true, I love you.

Sunny, thank you for the truth you've  
led me see

Sunny, thank you for the facts from  
A to Z

My life was torn like windblown sand  
Then a rock was formed when you  
held my hand

Sunny one so true, I love you.

Sunny, thank you for that smile upon  
your face

Sunny, thank you for that gleam that  
flows with grace

You're my spark of nature's fire  
You're my sweet, complete desire

Sunny one so true, I love you.

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Co., Inc.

## ●LADY JANE

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones/  
London)

**MICK JAGGER**

**KEITH RICHARD**

My sweet Lady Jane  
When I see you again  
Your servant am I  
And will humbly remain  
Just heed this plea my love  
On bended knees my love  
I pledge myself to Lady Jane.

My dear Lady Ann  
I've done what I can  
I must take my leave  
For promised I am  
This plea is wrong my love  
Your time has come my love  
I pledge my truth to Lady Jane.

Oh my sweet Marie  
I wait at your ease  
The sands have run out  
For your lady and me  
When love is nigh my love  
Her station's right my love  
Life is secure with Lady Jane.

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## ●SUMMER IN THE CITY

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/  
Kama Sutra)



**JOHN SEBASTIAN**  
**STEVE BOONE**

**MARK SEBASTIAN**

Hot town, summer in the city  
Back o' my neck gettin' dirt and gritty  
Been down, isn't it a pity  
Doesn't seem to be a shadow in the city  
All around people lookin' half dead  
Walkin' on the sidewalk hotter than a  
match head.

But tonight it's a different world  
Go out and find a girl  
Come on, come on and dance all night  
Despite the heat it'll be all right  
And, babe, don't you know it's a pity  
The days can't be like the nights in the  
summer in the city  
In the summer in the city.

Cool town, Evenin' in the city  
Dressed so fine and a-lookin' so pretty  
Cool cat lookin' for a kitty  
Gonna look in every corner of the city  
Till I'm wheezin' like a bus stop  
Runnin' up the stairs, gonna meet you  
on the rooftop,  
(Repeat chorus).

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## ●OVER, UNDER, SIDEWAYS, DOWN

(As recorded by the Yardbirds/Epic)

**GEOFF BECK**

**JAMES MCCARTY**

**KEITH RELF**

**CHRIS DREJA**

**PAUL SAMWELL-SMITH**

Hey, hey, hey, hey  
Cars and girls are easy come by  
In this day and age  
Laughin', jokin', drinkin', smokin'  
Till I've spent my wage.

When I was young  
People spoke of immorality  
All the things they said were wrong  
Are what I want to be  
Over, under, sideways, down  
Backwards, forwards, square and round  
Over, under sideways, down  
Backwards, forwards, square and round  
When will it end  
When will it end  
When will it end.

I find comments 'bout my looks a  
relativity  
Think I'll go and have some fun cause  
it's all for free  
I'm not searching for a reason to  
enjoy myself  
Seems it's better done than argued with  
with somebody else  
(Repeat chorus).

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## ●I'M A NUT

(As recorded by Leory Pullins/Kapp)  
**LEROY PULLINS**

I'm a nut, I'm a nut  
My life don't ever get in a rut  
The head on my shoulders is sort-a  
loose  
And I ain't got the sense God gave a  
goose  
Lord, I ain't crazy but I'm a nut.

Is it wetter under water if you're there  
when it rains  
Is it shorter to New York than it is  
by plane?  
Between myself and I, I wonder who's  
the dumber  
Is it hotter down south than it is in the  
summer?

I drove my Cadillac to Vegas to satisfy  
my lust  
Wheeled and dealed and left o' Vegas  
on a Greyhound bus  
I sure didn't set the woods on fire while  
I was out there  
But remember only forest fires pre-vent  
bears.

The poverty war'll be over when I begin  
to fight  
If it took a dime to go 'round the world  
I couldn't get out of sight  
I don't mind to take the girls out if they  
don't mind to do "Dutch"  
Makes me feel like a million dollars and  
I bet I ain't worth half as much.

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mans Company, Inc. - Sleepyhollow  
Music Corp.

## ●THE WORK SONG

(Instrumental by Herb Alpert/  
A&M)

**OSCAR BROWN, JR.**  
**NAT ADDERLEY**

Breakin' up big rocks on a chain gang  
Breakin' rocks and servin' my time  
Breakin' rocks out there on the chain  
gang  
'Cause I've been convicted o' crime  
Hol' it steady right there  
While I hit there!  
I reckon that oughta git it  
Been workin' and workin'  
But I still got so terrible long to go.

I commit the crime  
Lawd, o' needin' crime  
O' being hungry and poor  
Left the grocer's store  
Man a bleedin'  
When he caught me  
Robbin' his store.

Judge he say  
"Five years hard labor on the chain  
gang  
You goin' to go"  
Heard the judge say  
"Five years o' labor"  
Heard my woman scream  
"Lawdy, no!"

Wanna see my sweet honey baby  
Wanna break this chain off and run  
Wanna lay down somewhere where  
it's shady  
Lawd, it sure is hot in the sun.  
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Co.



## • LOVE LETTERS

(As recorded by Elvis Presley/RCA Victor)  
**EDWARD HEYMAN**  
**VICTOR YOUNG**  
 The sky may be starless  
 The night may be moonless  
 But deep in my heart there's a glow  
 For deep in my heart I know  
 That you love me  
 You love me, because you told me so.

Love letters straight from your heart  
 Keep us so near while apart  
 I'm not alone in the night  
 When I can have all the love you write  
 I memorize ev'ry line  
 I kiss the name that you sign  
 And, darling, then I read again  
 Right from the start  
 Love letters straight from your heart.  
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## • TURN DOWN DAY

(As recorded by The Cyrkle/Columbia)  
**JERRY KELLER**  
**DAVID BLUME**  
 It's much too groovy a summer's day  
 To waste runnin' 'round in the city  
 But here on the sand I can dream away  
 Or look at the girls if they're pretty  
 It's a turn down day, nothing on my mind

It's a turn down day and I dig it  
 There's nothing better a man can do  
 Then lying around doing nothing  
 It's a turn down day  
 Just a turn down day  
 It's a turn down day  
 Yes a turn down day and I dig it.

Soft summer breeze and the surf rolls  
 in to laughter of small children playing  
 Someone's radio has the news tuned in  
 But nobody cares what he's saying  
 It's a turn down day, lying in the sun  
 Just a turn brown day and I dig it  
 Things that are waitin' to mess my mind  
 Will just have to wait till tomorrow  
 It's a turn down day  
 Just a turn brown day  
 It's a turn down day  
 Yes a turn down day and I dig it.  
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## • WILD THING

(As recorded by The Troggs/Fontana & Atco)  
**CHIP TAYLOR**  
 Wild thing, you make my heart sing  
 You make everything groovy  
 Wild thing (Spoken) - Wild thing, I think I love you  
 (Sung) - But I wanna know for sure  
 (Spoken) - Come on and hold me tight  
 I love you, wild thing  
 You make my heart sing  
 You make everything groovy, wild thing.

(Spoken) Wild thing, I think you move me  
 (Sung) But I wanna know for sure  
 (Spoken) Come on and hold me tight  
 you move me, wild thing  
 You make my heart sing  
 You make everything groovy, wild thing.  
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## WE READ YOUR MAIL



We invite all readers to send comments, criticism, questions and requests to:  
**WE READ YOUR MAIL, HIT PARADER,**  
**CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN.**

Dear Editor:

First of all, I do not agree with Joan Lloyd in your August issue. HP isn't the best magazine on the stands. Most teens like the teenage pin-up magazines because they like to know what the stars look like.

And also, I think that your articles are stupid, and they are not all true. I don't consider the teen books trashy.

I wouldn't touch Phil Ochs with a thousand foot pole. Who cares if Danny Kalb or whatever his name was, was one of her counsellors at Camp Hurley, he isn't so great.

Hardly anyone likes R&B. I don't see what difference it makes who wrote "Big Boss Man," for all I care Jerry White "flew the coupe."

I think Joan is sort of out of her head. I think HP is horrible. One more thing why HP is so horrible. It never has anything on Fabian, Frankie Avalon, Elvis Presley, Troy Donahue, Gene Pitney, Ricky Nelson or Pat Boone.

Judy Griffith  
 Santa Rosa, Texas

Unfortunately, there are many people who have very limited tastes in music. We do the best we can to please all shapes and sizes of fans and air conditioners. As for nobody liking R&B, who the heck made hits out of "Barefootin'," "99½," "Papa's Got A Brand New Bag"....? Oh yes, and where are Fabian and Pat Boone now? Elvis is the only one who will be here when you're gone.

Dear Hit Parader:

I want to thank you for expanding your publication. Although HP is a magazine concerned with "teen" music, it is definitely in a class by itself as far as the quality of its presentation goes.

Your last issue was probably the best issue of a "fan magazine" I have ever seen. Surely, the interview with the Byrds can not be compared to any of the stupidly insane interviews I have read. Also, the articles on Muddy Waters and Alan Price and the interview with Bruce Langhorne continues to show the broad base your magazine has. The fact that the 60's will be the time when adolescents will be exposed to rock, folk, blues, Indian music, electronic rock, and etc. - in a big way, increases the need for a magazine to cover this broader "music scene." Hit Parader is the only magazine out now prepared to handle

this task in a mature and reliable manner. I only wish to impose a suggestion. Your readership (by the sound and interesting letters you receive) seems to be well spaced around the country, intelligent and sincerely interested in the music of today. I feel the cover of HP should reflect the quality level of the magazine. As it stands now, your articles cover a wide range of musical tastes and they are not written for 10 year olds. Your cover, unfortunately reflects a "teen-agey" scream fan magazine and not an intelligent music publication. (Thank you).

I would appreciate it if you would print my address. I am in a sincere and desperate need of an acquaintance who has the musical tastes I have. I do not know anyone in the New York City area who is around my age (20) and who is tuned into the sounds of Pete Townshend, Jeff Beck, Steve Winwood, the Stones and the Byrds. An intelligent, mature and loving music fan is hard to find. Anyone sincerely interested in contemporary rock and blues sounds - please get in touch.

Until then, I will continue to read and have real faith in Hit Parader. There is an audience out there for straight-forward and intelligent interviews and articles and HP is providing this for that audience.

Respectfully yours,  
 David Rotenberg  
 139-27-232 Street  
 Laurelton, N.Y., 11413

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your articles in the past issues about my favorite two groups, the Lovin' Spoonful (of whom I'm fan club chapter president) and the Yardbirds. Keep up the good work.

I especially want to thank Mrs. Kenneth E. Koch for her letter in the July issue praising the Yardbirds. Are you ready for some more praising?

I had the greatest pleasure of seeing and hearing the Yardbirds at the Hullabaloo Club here in Hollywood and I just couldn't believe my eyes or ears! It's impossible to explain their sound to anyone who hasn't heard them in-person, so the best thing to do, next to seeing them in-person, is to buy "Having A Rave Up With The Yardbirds" LP. Their sound makes you want to really Rave Up, which is blowing your mind, English style. Their sound is abstract or rather the sound of the future. Jeff Beck, the grooviest lead guitarist makes his guitar sound like a "rooster being run over by a steam roller."

When the show was over (I wished it could've lasted forever) I was so choked up I ran down the street screaming and laughing and crying at the same time. The next day I bought both their albums. What else could I do?

Some bad news, though: I read recently an article in a top local radio station's newspaper that Jeff has been taken seriously ill with Meningitis and has temporarily left the group. It also said that he was planning on leaving the Yardbirds anyway, because he has been unhappy with the group, the record scene, with everything.



This just can't be true, can it? How can this terrible thing happen to the grooviest group going? No one can duplicate Jeff's sound. He is their sound. His weird feedback sound has become their trademark. If he leaves the group I'll die.

Please try and find out if the story is true or not for me and all the Yardbirds' fans who are concerned about it.

Sincerely,

Nina Roberts  
Venice, Calif.

Jeff is very much with the Yardbirds. However, bass guitarist Paul Samwell Smith left because the travelling took time away from his songwriting. Paul has been replaced by a British session man - Jimmy Page.



**Jeff Beck is a groove on "Over, Under, Sideways, Down."**

Dear Editor:

Thank you very much for the Tempo article on the great Muddy Waters. This man is one of the true giants and deserves more recognition than he now has. Now, how about a long feature story on Muddy?

I also wish to thank you and all the people connected with Hit Parader and your other magazines for an education. A musical education. A year ago I was pretty dumb concerning music. Then I bought a copy of HP. At about the same time I found a mag called Rhythm & Blues in a second-hand book shop. (I guess you have quit publishing R&B since I have not seen it anywhere since. A little late compliment: The Howlin' Wolf story was great!) Anyway, I read these and bought the HPs as they came out. I wondered who these guys were that you wrote about in such glowing terms. So I bought some records and found out. Then I began telling my friends about Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf and the rest. I got what-are-you-some-kind-of-nut looks from most, but a few turned on to the real thing.

Then came the Spoonful. I bought their LP and you were right again. Up came Paul Butterfield in your January issue. I took a 5 buck chance on his LP without ever hearing

him because of your story. The same thing happened with the Blues Project. I couldn't have been more pleased.

You seem to worry about getting too technical in your articles. I agree with Mrs. Koch in the July issue that you don't get technical enough. If the groupies don't like it let them go out and buy their color-filled fanzines and leave the good stuff to us. I think the Anne Baldwins, Richard Spaetes, Mrs. Koch and myself outnumber them. We may not wield the buying power, but this is because we pick and choose and do not buy blindly. Also who backs Bob Dylan on his "Bringing It All Back Home" LP besides Bruce Langhorn? And who are the new members of the group Them?

Lastly, two requests: How about an interview with Paul Butterfield, Danny Kalb, Al Kooper and Junior Wells? I would like to see Valerie Wilmer do a story on the Graham Bond Organization. The drummer, Ginger Baker, is great.

Thank you for your time, and keep up the great work.

A faithful reader,  
Michael J. Neberman  
Tampa, Florida

Hi Mike, I can't remember everybody on "Bringing It All Back Home," but I'll do my best. Bobby Gregg was on drums and he was lots of fun to work with. I think I did all the lead guitar things. Al Kooper was playing organ and Paul Griffith played piano. Griffith was real groovy -- a lot of fun. I loved meeting him. Everybody wants him on their sessions. In general the session was lots of fun and very relaxed. Bruce Langhorn, New York. The new members of Them are Ray Elliot - organ, David Turfey - drums and Jim Armstrong guitar. Interviews with Them, Mike Bloomfield, Kalb and Kooper are now in the works.

Dear Editor:

I just finished reading "The Lovin' Spoonful In The Attack of Super Groupie" and it was fab!! Why not have Don Paulsen do some more material like that? Really, it was a well-drawn masterpiece and I loved it! Keep up the good work, Hit Parader!

Yours,  
Claudia Skinner  
Walcottville, Indiana

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading your May issue of "Hit Parader," and I am writing to show my appreciation of your mag.

My friend gave me your magazine along with two other American pop magazines which he received from a pen-pal in Florida and yours is by far the best of the three, from my point of view as an English teenager.

It gave a much more factual view of the pop scene here in England. I especially liked your articles on the "Fortunes" as I have met this group and know that every word you printed was true! Other groups I have met and talked to are -- Walker Brothers, Kinks, Hollies, Small Faces and Spencer Davis Group, (the latter two you might not have heard much of yet but they're terrific!)

I don't think your mag is available in England yet, but here's hoping! I also hope my friends' pen pal sends him some more of YOUR pop mag -- "Hit Parader."

Yours sincerely,  
Michael J. Barker  
Harrogate, Yorkshire, England

Dear Hit Parader,

Could you please tell me what kind of guitar John Sebastian uses? I have been searching for one like it for months without luck. Please write me as soon as possible.

Hopefully,  
Jim Collins  
Palm Beach Shores, Florida

**John Sebastian plays an electric Gibson through a standell amplifier.**



**Why is John Sebastian smiling?**

Dear Sirs:

In your July issue of Hit Parader there was an article on the Byrds. In this article, there was a picture and a small write-up on the sitar.

This instrument is very fascinating to me and some friends of mine because we all play the guitar and would like to learn this instrument too. Can you possibly tell me where we can get information and prices on the sitar? Around a small town like this, I can't seem to get any information on it at all. They don't even know if it is made by a name manufacturing firm in the States, or if it is imported.

Any information you can give me will be greatly appreciated. Thank you.

Yours truly,  
Miss Joan Ambeault  
Rockville, Conn.

We called Manny's, the "in" musical instrument shop at 120 W. 48th St. New York, N.Y. and he says he has them in stock. They go for around \$150.00. Dave Crosby is working on a new bridge for a 12 string guitar that makes the strings waver like a sitar.

{Continued on next page}



# WE READ YOUR MAIL



{Continued from last page}

Dear Sirs:

I would like to take this opportunity to express my heart-felt thanks for such a fabulous mag as "Hit Parader." I am deeply indebted to you, the editors of my favorite mag. Since I picked up your magazine about three months ago, I have to love, and what's more, understand the music and the groups which I love most. No longer do I think of pop groups as just entertainers who bring so much happiness to me. I now consider every group as a part of me. Your articles and interviews with the Lovin' Spoonful moved me the most. I've always admired them, and I've remained knocked out by their sound, but my love for their "Good Time Music" has tripled, and I respect them twice as highly, especially John Sebastian.

My dear sirs, there aren't enough words in my vocabulary with which I can begin to express my deep love for the Byrds. I'm utterly choked up by their terrific sound which soars through me like a jet. I love the Byrds dearly and I am always very overly-anxious to get my hands on any articles I can find concerning this wacked-out group. I can say, in all honesty, that your special section on the Byrds in the July issue was the most beautiful and honest write-up on this group which I have ever read. And believe me, I have read many an article! Your interview with Dave and Jim in the July issue was the most. It was just too fabulous. Thank you so much for making the Byrds seem themselves; honest and love promoting. Other magazines have to rely on facts which are immature and usually dishonest, but Hit Parader is one of the only mags which can depend on forthright honesty, and I am truly thankful that there are still a few.

You have not only opened my eyes up to the wonderful individuality of the Byrds, but y'all have shown me, along with many other people, that there are many different elements of pop music and each one is beautiful. Thank you for such a wonderful magazine.

Sincerely,  
Bena Watson  
Tyler, Texas

Dear Editor:

I was very amused by your recent article, "Do The Rolling Stones Hate Their Fans." The very title was ridiculous because every one knows that the Stones are not just any group, and that they don't express themselves (or act) like the Beatles or any other act. Consequently, because they are different

and forthright, and almost painfully honest, they suffer at the hands of the press and are called rude. The Stones like their fans as much as any other group, but when they are tired after an exhausting schedule, or if they are busy at the moment, they naturally don't want to be disturbed by hordes of kids. Let's face it, the Stones are the way most of us would like to be but can't because we live in a stifling, conformist society. As the Stones have said, they are out to play music to people who want to listen, and to entertain -- but not at the expense of becoming toys of the public; their lives owned by their fans.

Sincerely yours,  
George Destefano  
Bridgeport, Conn.



**Yeah George, you tell 'em, but  
their "Aftermath" LP is no  
good.**

Dear Editor:

I am writing to thank you for the great story on the Animals in the June issue and the story about Alan Price in the July issue. I think the Animals are very serious and dedicated musicians and they are in the same class as the Beatles, Rolling Stones, and Lovin' Spoonful. Please feature them in more stories in the future. I have also heard that Manfred Mann has expanded to eight members now and I wonder if you could tell me who the new members are?

Yours truly,  
Steven D. Angel  
North Webster, Indiana

"Pretty Flamingo" is the first single featuring the new Manfred Mann group which has 7 members. Currently they are Mann-organ, Paul Jones-vocal & harmonica, Tom McGuinness-guitar, Mike Hugg-drum, Jack Bruce-bass, Lyn Dobson-tenor sax & flute, Henry Lowther-trumpet. Jack, Henry and Lynn also play in a jazz combo.

Dear Editor:

In the July H.P. letter section, a bunch of people mentioned the interview with John Sebastian in the April issue. I missed it, and I was wondering what you do to get back issues -- send you guys the regular thirty-five cents or what?

I enjoyed all the articles in the July issue. The Byrds are a jolly good bunch, healthy and all, and thanks for the articles on their music. I like to read stuff like that about their (and other groups') sound and how they developed it rather than do they eat Post Toasties or Wheaties for breakfast and a bunch of other nose junk like that. Dave Clark likes little lambs and things, it says here. That's nice.

Now about the April issue -- I don't suppose you guys would send me one free of charge because I didn't say any bad things about your nice mag? Oh, well...

Hey, would you print that big picture of the Lovin' Spoonful that was in the July issue again sometime? The one in there is all right, but those little cartoon balloons about chicken soup kinda take away something. Like the background, maybe?

Where do you write if you want to send the L.S. and Bob Dylan cookies and socks and birthday cards and things?

Thanks, fellas (for printing a good mag, I mean).

Sincerely,  
Ora Hampton  
Scottsburg, Indiana

**You'll find a back issue ad somewhere in this issue. Send cookies to the Lovin' Spoonful at 1414 Ave. of the Americas, New York, N.Y. Socks go to Bob Dylan at 75E. 55th. St. N.Y.**

Dear Sirs:

Thank you a million times for the article on the Byrds, July issue. When you said that it would, more than likely, be the only serious encounter with the Byrds' music we'd ever read -- you were right!!

Not everyone is especially interested in favorite colors and foods, etc.

I never really heard of any of the artists mentioned in the interview. But David Crosby got me so interested in Ravi Shakaar that I ordered an album by him (since none could be found here). I won't receive this album for a few weeks and I hope it's worth waiting for. Well, at least I'm willing to listen anyway.

I think you've got the greatest magazine! In the last issue, you featured my four favorite groups, The Byrds, Jay and the Americans, Dave Clark 5 and, of course, The Beatles. Not too many articles are written about Jay and the Americans and I really appreciated your article on them.

Thanks again for the great Byrds' interview. Hope there'll be lots more.

Sincerely,  
Edie Anderson  
Buffalo, New York



## •THIS DOOR SWINGS BOTH WAYS

(As recorded by Herman's Hermits/MGM)  
**DON THOMAS**  
**ESTELLE LEVIT**  
 Everyone's life is bitter sweet  
 There's a door that opens wide  
 And no man can call himself complete  
 Till he's seen it from both sides.  
 This door swings both ways  
 It's marked in and out  
 Some days you'll want to cry  
 and some day's you'll shout  
 This door swings both ways  
 It goes back and forth  
 In comes a southern breeze or a cold  
 wind from the north.  
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## •TRAINS & BOATS & PLANES

(As recorded by Dionne Warwick/Scepter)  
**BACHARACH**  
**DAVID**  
 Trains & boats & planes were passing by  
 They make a trip to Paris or Rome  
 To someone else, but not for me  
 The trains & the boats & planes took you away, away from me.

We were so in love, and high above  
 We had a star to wish upon  
 Which when things came true  
 But not for me.

The trains & boats & planes took you away  
 But every time I see them I pray  
 And if my prayers can cross the sea  
 The trains & boats & planes will bring you back, back home to me.  
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## •LET'S GO GET STONED

(As recorded by Ray Charles/ABC Paramount)  
**VALERIE SIMPSON**  
**NICHOLAS ASHFORD**  
**JOSEPHINE ARMSTEAD**  
 Let's go get stoned  
 Let's go get stoned  
 When your baby won't let you in  
 Got a few pennies, a bottle of gin  
 Just call your buddy on the telephone  
 Let's go get stoned.

Let's go get stoned  
 Let's go get stoned  
 When you work so hard all the day  
 long and everything you do seems to go wrong  
 Just drop by my place on your way home  
 Let's go get stoned.

It ain't no harm  
 Your takin' just a taste  
 But don't blow your cool  
 And start messing up the place  
 It ain't no harm your taking just a nip  
 But make sure you don't fall down bust your lip  
 Let's go get stoned  
 Let's go get stoned.

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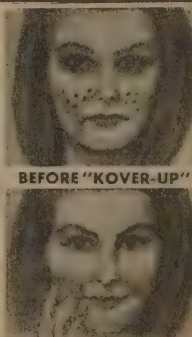
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## •GOD ONLY KNOWS

(As recorded by The Beach Boys/  
Capitol)

**BRIAN WILSON  
TONY ASHER**

I may not always love you  
But long as there are stars above you  
You never need to doubt it  
I'll make you so sure about it  
God only knows, what I'd be without you  
If you should ever leave  
Oh life would still go on believe me  
The world could show nothing to me  
So what good would living do me  
God only knows, what I'd be without you.

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## •TAKE THIS HEART OF MINE

(As recorded by Marvin Gaye/Tamla)

**ROBINSON  
MOORE  
TARPLIN**

Say you're feeling nervous  
The least thing makes you cry  
Sounds like a real bad case of a girl  
who needs a guy  
I think I know the perfect cure  
The one you ought to try  
Take a heart that's full of love  
On this you can rely  
If you need some quick reaction  
Take this heart of mine  
If you need some satisfaction  
Take this heart of mine  
And if you're tired of being lonely  
Take this heart of mine  
I think I can help you if you only take  
this heart of mine.

I may not be a doctor  
Who can cure your ills  
Prescribe you all those different drugs  
And hard to swallow pills  
My remedy is older than the tale of  
Jack and Jill  
My prescription is the kind you love to  
have refilled  
If you need some satisfaction  
Take this heart of mine  
If you need some quick reaction  
Take this heart of mine  
If you're tired of being lonely  
Take this heart of mine  
Honey, I can help you if you only take  
this heart of mine.

Got a love inside, it's pure as gold  
Take it, it's yours  
Have and to hold  
And if we do that baby  
After we grow old we'll have the greatest  
love story that was ever told  
(Greatest story that was ever told)  
Oh medicine won't cure you  
Just relieve you at the most  
But relief is only temporary  
Pretty soon it'll go  
But love can last a lifetime  
When two hearts are close  
Take as much as you want to  
There is no over dose  
If you need some quick reaction  
Take this heart of mine, baby  
If you need some satisfaction  
Take this heart of mine  
If you're tired of being lonely, take this  
heart of mine.

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## •TOO SOON TO KNOW

(As recorded by Roy Orbison/MGM)

**DON GIBSON**

It's too soon to know, if I can forget her  
My heart's been broken in too many  
pieces  
And it's too soon to know.

Time passes slow, will I ever marry  
If I can forget her and now let it show  
But it's too soon to know  
News travels fast when a love affair  
ends

People keep asking what happened to them  
But it's too soon to know if I can forget  
her

My heart's been broken in too many  
pieces  
And it's too soon to know.

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Publications

## •I BELIEVE I'M GONNA MAKE IT

(As recorded by Joe Tex/Dial)

**JOE TEX**

When I got your letter, baby  
I was in a foxhole on my knees  
Oh yes I was and your letter brought  
me so much strength  
Tell you what I did, baby  
You won't believe it  
I raised up and got me two more enemies  
Oh yes I did.

(Listen) that's why that I believe that I'm  
gonna make it  
Tell everybody back home I believe that  
I'm gonna make it  
And baby I'll be home before you can  
say Jackie Robinson  
Oh yes I will, yes I will.

Sometimes I wonder do you really love  
me  
Then I think of something sweet you once  
said to me  
And the thought makes me feel so good  
inside  
I raised up and got me two more enemies.

Now listen baby, oh oh baby  
I wished a thousand times we'd gotten  
married before I left home for Viet  
Nam  
Then when I see so many of my buddies  
Getting shot down all around me  
It makes me kinda glad that we waited  
'Cause I don't want to leave you at home  
being a widow and all  
I know you understand baby  
Listen darling, they promised me a fur-  
lough on the 15th of next month  
And I want you to say a prayer tonight  
That my furlough will come through  
So I can come home to be with you.

And tomorrow, Lord tomorrow go by  
and tell my mama and daddy I love  
them  
And for them not to worry about me  
(Listen) that's why that I believe that  
I'm gonna make it  
Tell everybody back home I believe that  
I'm gonna make it  
And baby I'll be home before you can say  
Batman and Robin, yeah.

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Co., Inc.

## •MAKE ME BELONG TO YOU

(As recorded by Barbara Lewis/  
Atlantic)

**CHIP TAYLOR  
BILLY VERA**

Darlin' I am whatever you make me  
So baby, baby whatever you make me  
Make me belong to you.

I can be a beggar or a queen  
You've got the power to make me anything  
You've got the power so open your heart  
It's up to you.

Yeah, 'cause darlin' I am whatever you  
make me  
So baby, baby whatever you make me  
Make me belong to you.

I can be a puppet on a string  
You've got the power to make me any-  
thing  
You've got the power so open your heart  
It's up to you.

Yeah, darlin' I am whatever you make  
me  
So baby, baby whatever you make me  
Make me belong to you.

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## •TAKE YOUR LOVE

(As recorded by Bobby Goldsboro/  
United Artists)

**BARRY MANN  
CYNTHIA WEIL**

Take your love and give it to some  
hard-up hung-up someone who has  
got more time than me  
For the cheatin' and the wise and misery  
Take your love it won't be missed.

Go find yourself some mas-o-chist who's  
gonna dig the pain  
This old heart just cannot take this  
strain  
It's insane.

Because love is a thing that should be  
fine and true  
Sweet and beautiful, too  
But with you, girl, it's much more like  
an all out war  
I've had a try and, baby, I can't take  
your love.

I know I've had enough  
You played too loose and much too  
rough  
For someone who at best is sensitive and  
easily depressed  
Take it all I've learned a lot 'bout every-  
thing that love is not  
And what it shouldn't be is everything  
you gave to me.

Don't you see, baby, love is a thing that  
should be fine and true  
Sweet and beautiful, too  
But with you, girl, it's much more like  
an all out war  
I've had a try and, baby, I can't take  
your love  
Can't take your love, can't take your  
love, can't take your love, can't take  
your love.

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## ●SOMEWHERE MY LOVE

(As recorded by Ray Coniff Singers/  
Columbia)

PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER  
MAURICE JARRE

Where are the beautiful days  
Where are the sleigh rides til dawn  
Where are the tender moments of splendor  
Where have they gone, where have they  
gone.

Somewhere my love there will be songs  
to sing  
Although the snow covers the hope of  
spring  
Somewhere a hill blossoms in green and  
gold  
And there are dreams, all that your  
heart can hold.

Someday we'll meet again my love  
Someday whenever the spring breaks  
through  
You'll come to me out of long ago  
Warm as the wind, soft as the kiss  
of snow.

Till then, my sweet (Lila my own)  
Think of me now and then  
God speed my love  
Till you are mine again.

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## ●WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU

(As recorded by Grass Roots/Dunhill  
P. F. SLOAN  
STEVE BARRI

Don't bother crying, don't bother crawling  
It's all over now, no use in stalling  
The love I once felt I don't feel anymore  
for you  
This time I'll even open the door for you  
You walked out when I was down  
And now I'm well-off and look who's  
coming round.

Where were you when I needed you  
Where were you when I wanted you  
Where were you when I needed you, baby.

You were so young and you were so wild  
I knew you were nobody's innocent child  
The first day I saw you, you really got  
to me  
I thought I could change you, what good  
did it do me  
When times got rough, you wouldn't wait  
Now you're slippin' back and, babe, babe,  
it's too late.

Repeat Chorus.

You're looking good, it's hard to sight it  
But no use explainin', I already decided  
That livin' with ya is worse than without  
ya  
I won't spend a lifetime worryin' about ya  
When things got bad you disappeared  
Well, I'm back on my feet and look, look  
who's standing there.

Repeat Chorus.

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# HIT PARADER'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

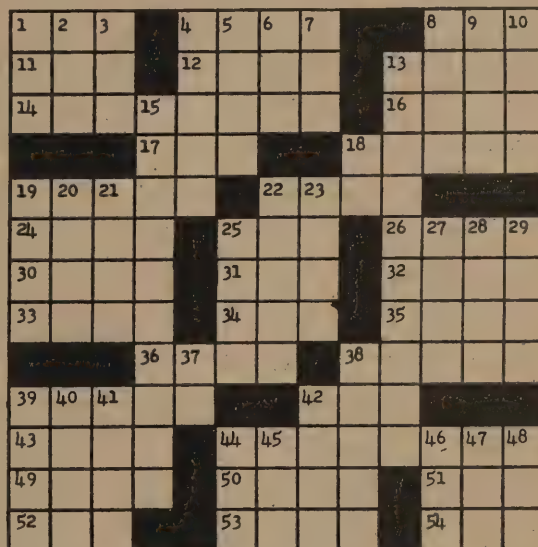
- 1 --- Stecklein, one of the  
"Blue Things"
- 4 ---, Desi and Billy
- 8 Little child
- 11 Verb suffix
- 12 Notion
- 13 Flood
- 14 Chas -----
- 16 Church part
- 17 Compass point
- 18 ---- Springfield
- 19 Deserve
- 22 Dr. ----, of The Sapphires
- 24 ---- On Your Mind
- 25 High mountain
- 26 Tommy ---- (singer)
- 30 ---- Hang On
- 31 --- West
- 32 Great Lake
- 33 Under The Yum-Yum ----
- 34 Sea eagle
- 35 Contends
- 36 Damp; wet
- 38 The Jelly ----
- 39 The ---- and the Papa's
- 42 Kind of stone
- 43 Amuck (var.)
- 44 ----, famous girl trio
- 49 ---- Horne
- 50 Customary
- 51 Affirmative vote
- 52 Al Jolson
- 53 Lowest guitar
- 54 Sandra ---

### DOWN

- 1 --- Dana
- 2 Fire residue
- 3 Meadow
- 4 You ---- Have To Be So  
Nice
- 5 Inactive
- 6 Born

- 7 Boat propeller
- 8 The Four ----
- 9 Expel
- 10 Three at cards
- 13 ---- and the Raiders
- 15 Famous for: Happy  
Birthday, Sweet 16
- 18 All I Really Want To --
- 19 Dissolve
- 20 Don't ---- Leave Me
- 21 Religious ceremony
- 22 Dave ---- Five
- 23 The Door Is Still ----  
To My Heart
- 25 So be it
- 27 Opera melody
- 28 Mortgage
- 29 Minus
- 37 Half -- Much
- 38 McGuinn's group
- 39 ---- Powers
- 40 ---- Brothers
- 41 ---- Lisa
- 42 Tarzan's subjects
- 44 Auxiliary
- 45 Surfin ---
- 46 It's a Mad, Mad, --- World
- 47 Apple of My ---
- 48 Come --- About Me

Answer on Page 63



## ●PIED PIPER

(As recorded by Crispian St. Peters/  
Jamie)

ARTIE KORNFELD  
STEVE DUBOFF

You with your masquerading  
You're always contemplatin'  
What to do in case happiness found you  
Can't you see that it's all around you.

So follow me  
Hey come on babe follow me  
I'm the pied piper, follow me  
I'm the pied piper and I'll show you  
where it's at  
Hey babe, can't you see  
I'm the pied piper  
Trust in me  
I'm the pied piper and I'll show you  
where life is at.

Girl don't be scared to move  
Hey babe, what are you tryin' to prove  
It ain't true that your life has kicked  
you  
It's your mind and that's all that's trickin'  
you  
So fall in line  
(Repeat chorus).

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Inc.

## ●HAPPY SUMMER DAYS

FARRELL • KUSIK • ADAMS

These are happy, happy happy summer  
days

When the morning sun promises another  
wonderful day  
And good fortune is all along the way  
When your heart is filled with gladness  
'Cause true love has come to stay  
These are happy, happy, happy summer  
days.

Every kiss will take us to a new world  
we'll explore  
Bringing thrills that we never knew before  
When the one you love can show you  
what's behind the magic door  
These are happy, happy, happy summer  
days.

Look around you, there's a rainbow in  
that watermelon sky  
And the twinklin' of a million fireflies  
Let your heart keep taking pictures  
That you'll share as years go by  
These are happy, happy, happy summer  
days.

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# HOW I Wrote "5-D"

~~~~~ BY ~~~~~  
*Jim McGuinn*

"5-D" is a poem in 3/4 about a book I read called "1-2-3-4, More, More, More, More, More" written by Don Landis and published by Dylart. If you can get your hands on a copy, you'll understand what I did in the song. If you don't it's sort of vague and philosophical. It's sort of weird but.....

What I'm talking about is the whole universe, the 5th dimension, which is height, width, depth, time and something else. But there definitely are more dimensions than 5. It's infinite. The 5th dimension is the threshold of scientific knowledge. See, there are people walking around practicing 5th dimensional ways of life and the scientists are still on 2 or 3 dimensional levels. There's a conflict there. A lot of our world is very materialistic and scientific. It overlooks the beauty of the universe. That's what the song is about. Maybe it'll tell a few people what's going on in life. The organ player on it is Van Dyke Parks from Los Angeles. When he came into the studio I told him to think Bach. He was already thinking Bach before anyway. I wrote the song but the arrangement just came out the way it did. We all just sat down and did it. □

## ●5-D

(As recorded by the Byrds/Columbia)  
**JIM MCGUINN**

Oh how is it that I could come out to  
hear and be still floating  
And never hit bottom but keep falling  
through  
Just relaxed and paying attention.

All my two dimensional boundaries  
were gone  
I had lost them badly  
I saw that world crumble and thought  
I was dead  
But I found my senses still working  
And as I continued to drop through  
the hole  
I found all surroundings  
To show me that joy innocently is  
Just be quiet and feel it around you.

And I opened my heart to the whole  
universe  
And I found it was loving  
And I saw the great blunder my  
teachers had made  
Scientific delirium madness  
Ooooooooooooooh  
I will keep falling as long as I live or  
without ending  
I will remember the place that is now  
that has ended before the beginning.

Oh how is it that I could come out to  
hear and still be floating

And never hit bottom but keep falling  
through  
Just relaxed and paying attention.  
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Co.

## ●WHOLE LOT OF SHAKIN' IN MY HEART

(As recorded by The Miracles/Tamla)  
**FRANK WILSON**

Oh oh, I can't explain the things you do  
to me

But I'm sure there's an explanation  
Maybe it's the way you carry yourself  
Or maybe it's your conversation  
You've got me tiptoeing on a cloud  
Afraid that I might fall through  
And hit rock bottom too soon to be  
forgotten like so many other  
people do

I need you to help me convince myself  
that besides me there's no one else  
'Cause I feel a whole lot of shakin' in  
my heart since I met you, girl  
Don't you know I feel a whole lot of  
shakin' in my heart since I met you.

Because I used to run around, they tell  
me I've changed and I'm actin' kinda  
strange

But they don't realize that since I met you  
My whole life has been re-arranged  
You make me feel kinda insecure  
'Cause my heart I can no longer control  
Now you've got me rockin', jumpin' and  
stompin'  
Don't know which way I'm suppose to  
go

My heart is all tied up in knots  
I walk around in the state of shock  
'Cause I feel a whole lot of shakin' in  
my heart since I met you, girl  
Don't you know I feel a whole lot of  
shakin' in my heart since I met you,  
etc.

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Co., Inc.

## ●SWEET PEA

(As recorded by Tommy Roe/ABC)  
**TOMMY ROE**

Oh sweet pea, come on and dance with me  
Come on, come on, come on and dance  
with me  
Oh sweet pea, won't you be my girl  
Won't you, won't you, won't you be my  
girl.

I went to a dance just the other night  
I saw a girl there, she was out of sight  
I asked a friend of mine who she could  
be  
He said that her friends just call her sweet  
pea.

I walked on over and asked her to dance  
Thinking maybe later on of making  
romance  
But every guy there was thinkin' like me  
I had to stand in line to get a dance with  
sweet pea.

I finally got to whisper sweet words in  
her ear  
Convinced her that we oughta get away  
from there  
We took a little walk, I held her close  
to me  
And underneath the stars, I said to sweet  
pea.

Oh sweet pea, I love you, can't you see  
Love you, love you, love you, can't you  
see  
Oh sweet pea, won't you be my girl  
Won't you, won't you, won't you be my  
girl.

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Co., Inc.

## ●I JUST LET IT TAKE ME

(As recorded by Bob Lind/World  
Pacific)

**BOB LIND**

Star bright, gypsy night  
Spring is on your breezes  
Young wiles, Friday's child  
Goin' where he pleases  
Coquettish blooming lilacs blow their  
perfume through the window  
Teasin' me and temptin' me to leave  
my restless limbo  
Some may call it wander lust  
Some may call it crazy  
I don't call it anything  
I just let it take me.

Dark blue slips in to closing skies at  
twilight  
Still streets hit my feet dancing towards  
midnight  
It's just the kind of night that brings  
a special kind of hunger  
Searching for the kind of love you had  
when you were younger  
Some may call it wander lust  
Some may call it crazy  
I don't call it anything  
I just let it take me.

Soft winds rollin' in settle down upon me  
I'm bound toward the sound of something  
just beyond me  
Through the sleeping city with confetti  
starlight falling  
Open-eyed and moving toward the distant  
voices calling  
Some may call it wander lust  
Some may call it crazy  
I don't call it anything  
I just let it take me.

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# THE SCENE

{Cont. From Page 7}

"So please don't put the blame on the Stones, it's Andy who causes all the trouble."



Many social and music critics and disc jockeys are strongly opposed to certain songs which they claim "are subliminal plugs in favor of drugs." These are probably the very same people who get plowed out of their minds at time-wasting-arty cocktail parties. And behind closed doors they dance to the very same records they are opposed to. Do they honestly believe that "Let's Go Get Stoned" by the great Ray Charles will make teenagers guzzle gin? It's just a beautiful, real lyric that's all. The Byrds' "8 Miles High" is simply about a jet landing in London and image of rainy, grey London itself. When Bob Dylan sings "Everybody Must Get Stoned" he means something good comes out of hard times. Dylan got personal satisfaction out of going electric despite everyone booing "...when you play your guitar." The whole controversy is just as absurd as the critics who once said "Rock and Roll is the main cause of delinquency." □



## ●CAN I TRUST YOU?

(As recorded by The Bachelors/London)

VANCE  
SNEIDER  
TESTA  
REMIG

Can I trust you?  
Will you hurt me  
Should I give my heart and soul to you  
Can I trust you?  
Or will I be just another affair  
you'll be throwing away  
When you're through.

I've been in love before  
This time I must be sure  
I've got to love again  
I've got to try  
Help me believe in you  
So I'll know what to do  
Don't let me make one more mistake or  
I may die.

Will you love me for the moment or do  
I mean more than that to you  
So I ask you  
Can I trust you?  
If I can then there's nothing, oh nothing,  
that I wouldn't do.  
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\*\*\*\*\*

## ●MAGIC TOUCH

(As recorded by Bobby Fuller 4/  
Mustang)

TED DARYLL

There's something about your smile  
I swear that it makes me weak  
And when I'm up close to you  
I find that it's hard to speak  
I act like a child of six  
And I guess that it shows too well,  
That you've got the magic touch  
And I'm caught in the spell.

You'd never convince me that I'd be  
prey for a petite size  
But something weird happened when  
I looked into your eyes  
I tried to defend myself  
But too late did I finally see  
That you've got the magic touch  
You cast your spell over me.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
They call it magic, baby  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
It's more like tragic, baby  
Will I surrender to this fate?  
Is there no sign-post to escape?  
Can I say goodbye, and look you in  
the eye  
Or is it just that I haven't tried?

That look that you wear so well  
Is enough to make me melt  
I suddenly find myself feeling things  
I've never felt  
No use to deny it when a child can  
plainly tell  
That you've got the magic touch and  
I'm caught in the spell  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.  
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Inc.

## ●FRIDAY'S CHILD

(As recorded by Nancy Sinatra/  
Reprise)

LEE HAZELWOOD

Friday's child, hard luck is his brother  
Friday's child, his sister's misery  
Friday's child, his daddy they call hard  
times  
Friday's child, that's me.

Friday's child, born a little ugly  
Friday's child, good looks passed him  
by  
Friday's child makes something look  
like nothing  
Friday's child am I.

Friday's child never climbed no mountain  
Friday's child ain't even gonna try  
Friday's child don't forget to bury  
Friday's child am I.

Copyright 1965, 1966 by Atlantic  
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## ●I'M HUNGRY

(As recorded by Paul Revere & The  
Raiders/Columbia)

BARRY MANN  
CYNTHIA WEIL

Girl you got this need to know  
What I'm all about  
There's something that you dig  
But you can't figure out  
Now you wanna know what moves my soul  
What ticks inside of my brain  
Well I got this need I can't control  
That's driving me insane.

I'm so hungry for the good things, baby  
Hungry, through and through  
Yeah, I'm hungry for the sweet life, baby  
With a real fine girl  
There's a you, I can almost taste it and  
it's sweet as wine  
I ain't gonna waste it  
When it's really mine  
I'm gonna live each minute  
Till I've had my fill  
Girl, I'll be rolling in it  
Wait and see I will  
Yes I will, girl  
You know that I will,  
(Repeat chorus).

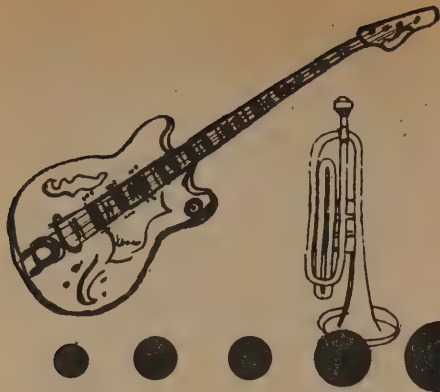
Custom tailored world that I've gotta  
own  
With a penthouse in the clouds and an  
unlisted phone  
Girl, I'm gonna have it all someday  
So just hang on to my hand  
And if I break some rules along the way  
You gotta understand  
(Repeat chorus).

Copyright 1966 by Screen Gems-  
Columbia Music Co., Inc.

Solution for puzzle  
found on Page 61

|          |          |       |  |
|----------|----------|-------|--|
| VAL      | DINO     | TOT   |  |
| ISE      | IDEA     | POUR  |  |
| CHANDLER | APSE     |       |  |
| ENE      | DUSTY    |       |  |
| MERIT    | COOL     |       |  |
| EVIL     | ALP      | RAIL  |  |
| LETS     | MAE      | ERIE  |  |
| TREE     | ERN      | VIES  |  |
|          | DANK     | BEANS |  |
| HAMAS    | AYR      |       |  |
| AMOK     | SUPREMES |       |  |
| LENA     | USED     | AYE   |  |
| ABA      | BASS     | DEE   |  |





# MUSIC SPOTLIGHT

Johnny Rivers



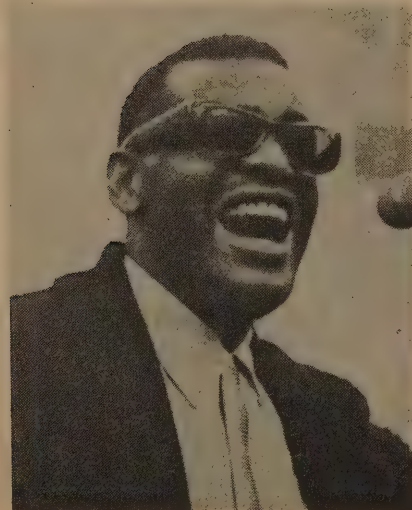
The Kinks



Julian Bream



Ray Charles



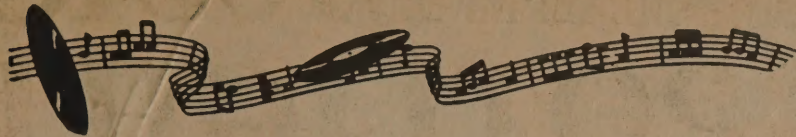
Two beautiful guitar LPs had us up all night so we thought we better tell you about them. The first is by Luiz Bonfa on Philips called "Brazilian Scene." Some of the tracks have horns, but Bonfa's unamplified samba rhythms are much more engrossing. His playing is a love story and you know what a good love story can do. The second is by Julian Bream on RCA Victor called "Baroque Guitar," unaccompanied and also unamplified. This collection of oldies but goodies proves classical guitar is here to stay and will gas you as much as it gassed guys like Bach. Speaking of classical gasses, have you ever heard Vivaldi's "Four Seasons?" This is a nice record to own because it will get you to like cellos and violins and all that stuff. Ray Charles, piano and his band backs blues vocalist Percy Mayfield on "My Jug and I," an LP produced by Ray on his own Tangerine label. Percy's voice combines the whine and phrasing of Lightnin' Hopkins and the pained humor of Jimmy Reed. Ray's piano and band are at their very best. Percy, by the way, is one of Ray's favorite songwriters. The Kinks were refused permission to work in Spain because of the absence of Pete Quaife who was recovering from a car accident. How could a show with the Byrds, the Beach Boys, Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder be a bomb? The one at Yankee Stadium in June was. In a talent review, Cashbox magazine threw in a great understatement - "In spite of the current broadening of American sexual mores, it is doubtful that the Fugs are destined for immediate nation wide acceptance." The crummiest record to hit the top in a long time award goes to "Hanky Panky." The lyric is truly a thing of bláh. We think "Muddy Water" is Johnny Rivers's best yet. Most deserving to be a hit is "Sunny" by Bobby Hebb on Philips. We would like to start a regular feature for good groups who play gigs but are not signed to a record label. Send a photo of your group and a letter stating your influences, records you learned from, what you are trying to accomplish in sound, problems you might be having in getting the instruments to play together. We'll do our very best to help each and every group find a direction. We have many friends in the music business who will also take part in helping you. This is a free Hit Parader service, so get busy. □

The Byrds

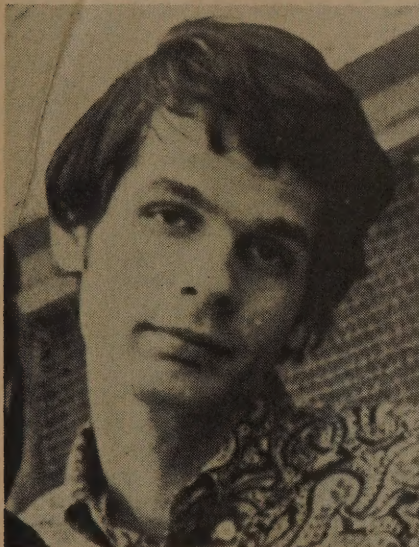




# MY Favorite Records



This is the first of a regular feature which should prove to be quite interesting. Each month we'll call on a prominent vocalist or instrumentalist to say a few words about records which have had a lasting influence on their own music, or simply are constant sources of listening pleasure. As you will see tastes are as varied as the musicians themselves. We also welcome comments from readers on records spoken of here, or on records you feel are important.



by Al Kooper  
(organist with the Blues Project)

"Music Of Bulgaria" on Elektra is one of the finest musical achievements in recording and folk music that I have ever heard. I was never familiar with it before. It's an album of voices and instruments of Bulgaria. The voice things particularly impressed me. I don't think I ever would have heard the album if Paul Simon hadn't played it for me. I can listen to that for hours and hours and I would highly recommend it to anyone. When we were in California I brought it up to Brian Wilson's house. He had never heard it. I left him with my copy at five in the morning and he was still listening to it. I hope he can benefit from it and use it in his music. It's just beautiful - something really that no one has ever heard before.

"James Brown Live At The Apollo" on King. This is really the first major live R&B album. The excitement on that record is unbelievable. You can feel what happened there. It shows the whole perspective of Brown and his influences. Brown has had a couple of other "live" LPs but this Apollo one is the only one I can play over and over. "Rubber Soul" by the Beatles, I guess everybody mentions that. But it's one of my favorites because of all the doors it opened. I really liked "Michelle" as

a piece of writing and it's very well performed. Oh, just the whole album completely gases me. It straightened me out in my head with a lot of things I wanted to do and it helped to get them out of me. It's going to be a classic album.



James Brown works up a scream.

"Dizzie Gillespie Live At The Museum Of Modern Art" on Verve is the most exciting live jazz album I've ever heard. For just a sheer impact of music the material on it is beautiful. It's a very fortunate thing that it was recorded. They really stretch out cuts on it about 12 or 13 minutes long. The quintet sounds like a 20-piece band. Leo Wright, the sax player on there - wow! He must be very proud of that. It's just beautiful impassioned playing. It's a very emotional album. Its appeal lies there as well as musically. I can go through 57 mood changes listening to it. I got a lot of things from that for my jazz instrumental writing. It really helped to shape my writing. I've never heard a jazz album that did that to me. □

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BEATLES

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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9. Somewhere
10. Bang Bang
11. Good Lovin'
12. Kicks
13. Positively 4th Street
14. Run Baby Run
15. Eve Of Destruction
16. It Ain't Me, Babe
17. Summer Nights
18. We Gotta Get Out  
Of This Place
19. Houston
20. The In Crowd
21. I Know A Place
22. I'm Telling You Now
23. Girl Don't Come
24. Do You Wanna Dance
25. Long Lonely Nights
26. Stranger In Town
27. Turn Turn Turn
28. I Hear A Symphony
29. But You're Mine
30. Get Off My Cloud
31. I'm Henry The VIII, I Am
32. I Like It Like That
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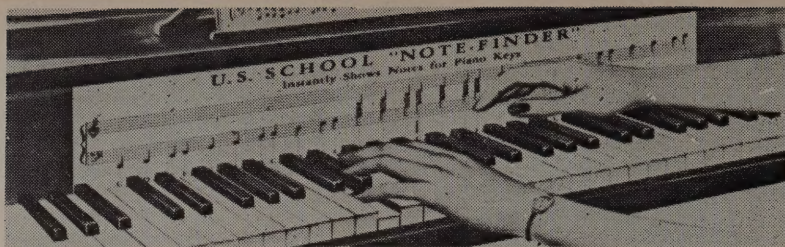
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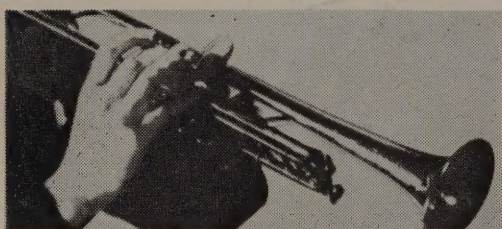
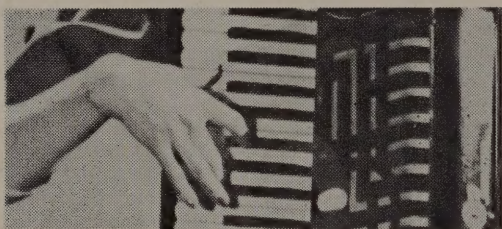
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